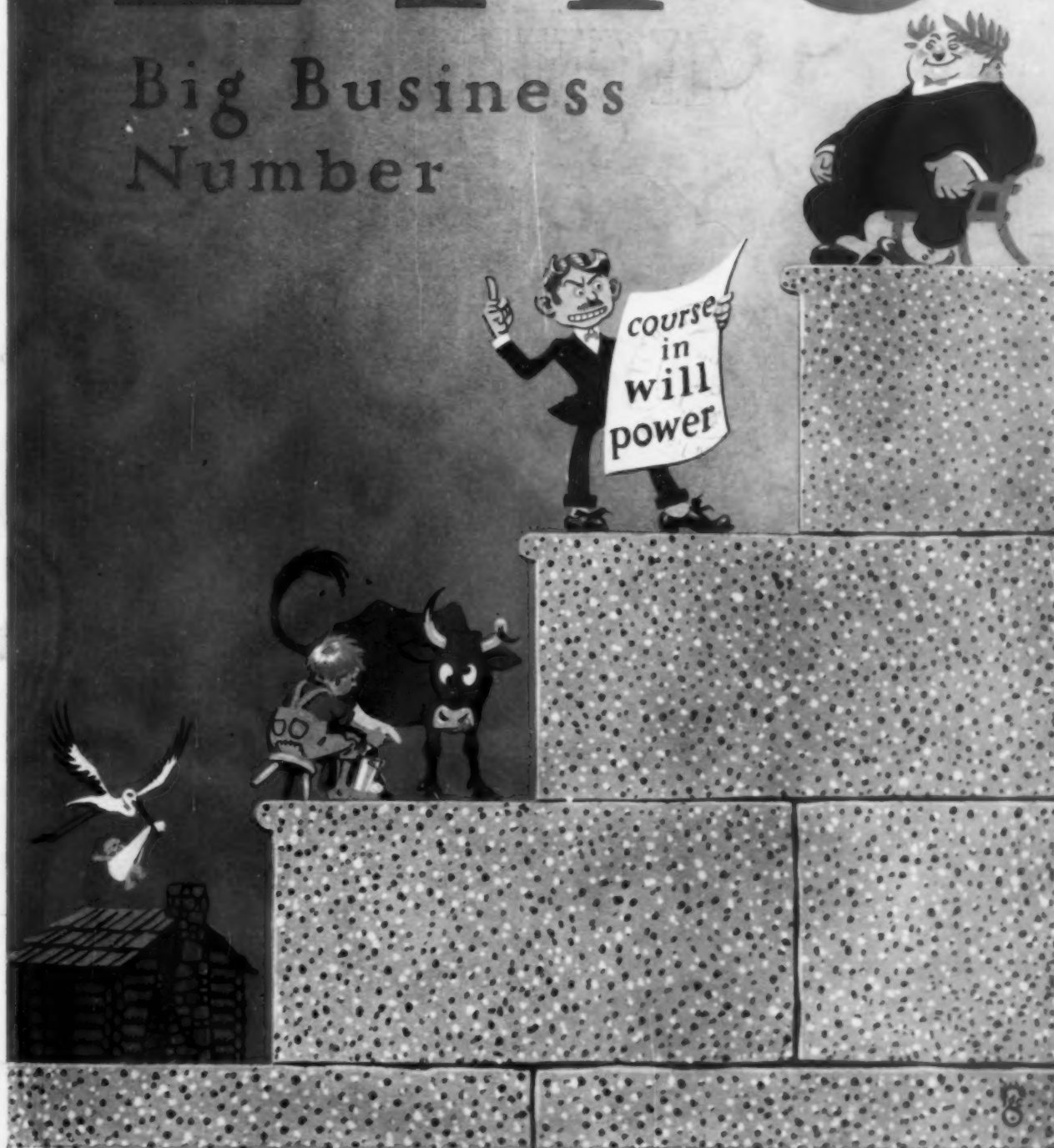


WAR PRIZE CONTEST—(INQUIRE WITHIN)

Life

Big Business
Number



MARCH 20, 1924

A man-master in the making

PRICE 15 CENTS



Let
MICHELIN
Balloon
Comfort Cords
help you over the rough spots

WITHOUT changing rims or wheels you can now equip your car with Michelin Comfort Cord Balloon Tires that will make every road a boulevard for you.

Twice as big as ordinary cords, but inflated to less than half the pressure, these remarkable tires float over rough spots and holes, over cobbles and tracks, almost as though these obstructions did not exist.

And by eliminating jolts and jars, Michelin Comfort Cords greatly lengthen the life of your car. Tests indicate the increase is as much as 50%. That means a saving of hundreds of dollars, the greatest advance of many years in motoring economy.

In the Ford size, Michelin Comfort Cords are the only balloon tires that can be used without changing rims. All other makes require replacement of clincher rims with straight sides.

The sooner you change to Michelin Comfort Cords, the less your motoring will cost you and the more luxury you will enjoy. See your Michelin dealer now.

A full line of balloon tires, including a Ford Clincher.

No change of rims or wheels required.

Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, N. J.

THE NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY, WHICH WAS BUILDING FINE MACHINERY IN THE DAYS WHEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS A COUNTRY LAWYER, IS NOW PRODUCING THE FINEST MOTOR CAR IN ITS HISTORY



Established
1851

Nordyke & Marmon Company Factory · Indianapolis

The MARMON CAR has arrived at its present high excellence and its present low price through concentration for nine years on a single chassis and on a single type of engine.



And never once during its seventy-three years of fine, conscientious and able building has the Marmon factory looked for a short-cut to quality or tolerated a substitute for the simple art of honest building.

That is why, today, as never before, the country is coming to Marmon.

Price Range, \$2785 to \$4285. All Prices f. o. b. Factory

MARMON



First impressions are made as often on things unseen, as seen. Oshkosh Luggage is inconspicuous in circles where essential niceties are taken for granted and only shortcomings are remarked.

OSHKOSH
wardrobe trunks



THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY • OSHKOSH • WISCONSIN

In the Line of Business

THE Banker sat in his private office flushed but smiling after a long conference with a Promoter, who was just about to leave him. The Promoter felt happy and triumphant, but, being a Promoter, he didn't show it.

"I want to thank you for helping me to float this company," he said to the Banker, "and as a little souvenir of my appreciation I am having a ten-cylinder 1924 Super-Buono limousine sent up here to you at noon."

And away went the Promoter to carry the good news to the members of the syndicate he was representing.

"How did you get on?" they asked.

"I put it over all right," replied the Promoter, "but it will cost you boys \$15,000 extra for expenses."

"All right," said the Syndicate, and \$20,000 extra common stock was au-

thorized to be issued to the public by way of reimbursement.

The head of the Purchasing Department in the office recommended a friend to engrave the certificates. The friend added 5 per cent. to his regular price and gave 2½ per cent. to his friend, the head of the Purchasing Department.

And:

That very day the Banker met the Promoter at lunch. At the conclusion of the meal the Banker paid the check and handed fifty cents to the waiter. As the waiter shuffled off, the Banker remarked to the Promoter: "Isn't this tipping business getting fierce?" To which the Promoter replied: "You bet."

P. W.

POPULAR spring fiction—Any seed catalogue.

The Weight of Tradition

"CHECKING out?" said the Floridian hotel clerk. "I'll have your bill for you in a minute." He wrote down the room rent. I winced.

"Beautiful country, ain't it?" he asked.

"Lovely," I said. I hope it sounded convincing.

"Great place," he continued, adding down an extra amount for iced water.

"Nothing like it," I volunteered, hopefully. He put down the amount due for telephone calls.

"Rich in tradition," he said. "Historical as all get-out. You had some laundry done, didn't you?" he asked.

"I did," I said. He put *that* down.

"Spaniards all over the place once," he remarked, and wrote down more expenses for stationery. "They knew a good thing when they saw it."

"I'll bet they did," I assented weakly.

He added a few more items and totaled the column. "Here you are, sir," he said and gave me my bill. My eyeballs rolled, but I hunted down my check book and made out the check. "Here you are," said I, with false gaiety.

He waved the check gracefully in the air to dry it. "To think," he mused, "there was once pirates all over this place. Probably in the exact spot where we are standing right now," he said.

"Very likely so," I agreed.

"You know," said this sentimental clerk, wagging a penholder impressively at me, "sometimes I seem to feel their very spirits hanging around this desk."

H. W. H.

To cleanse the skin

THE first step in every scientific skin treatment given in Elizabeth Arden's fashionable Salon is a thorough gentle cleansing of the skin with VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM. Use it at home in the daily care of your skin. It melts into the pores, removes dust and impurities, keeps the skin pure and soft and supple. \$1, \$2, \$3.

If you cannot come to Elizabeth Arden's Salon for personal treatments and advice, write for her book of *The Care of the Skin* at home.

Elizabeth Arden

673-A Fifth Avenue, New York
London, 25 Old Bond Street
Paris, 2 rue de la Paix



See the Wahl Pen at all dealers.
Gold-filled or Silver \$4 to \$10.

New Beauty— and new practical usefulness



HOME-MADE
Gold point, iridium-
tipped—the vital
part. We make our
own, carefully, pains-
takingly. Perfect
points guaranteed.

FOR every hand that writes, for every man or woman who uses a fountain pen, there is a new idea—a beautiful, all-metal Wahl Pen of gold or silver.

Wooden pencils gave way to Ever-sharp metal pencils. The metal pen is just as modern and just as logical a development. For the Wahl Pen is practically indestructible. Drop it, lean against it, screw the cap too hard—nothing will break.

The all-metal barrel, thin yet strong, gives greatly increased ink capacity. Its better balance—the feel of the pen in your fingers—makes writing easier, smoother. The beautiful finish carries the Wahl Metal Pen into the hands of

men and women who appreciate the best in life, who know that fine, efficient instruments are definite factors in producing good work.

What made the Wahl Metal Pen possible

The self-filling fountain pen brought into use the rubber sac which actually holds the supply of ink.

Formerly the ink was contained in the barrel of the pen itself. And so it was necessary to use a material that the acid in the ink would not eat away.

The use of the rubber sac made possible the modern Wahl Metal Pen. The Wahl metal construction gives greater strength, greater ink capacity, and the beauty which is found only in engraved gold or silver.

Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO

Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

WAHL PEN



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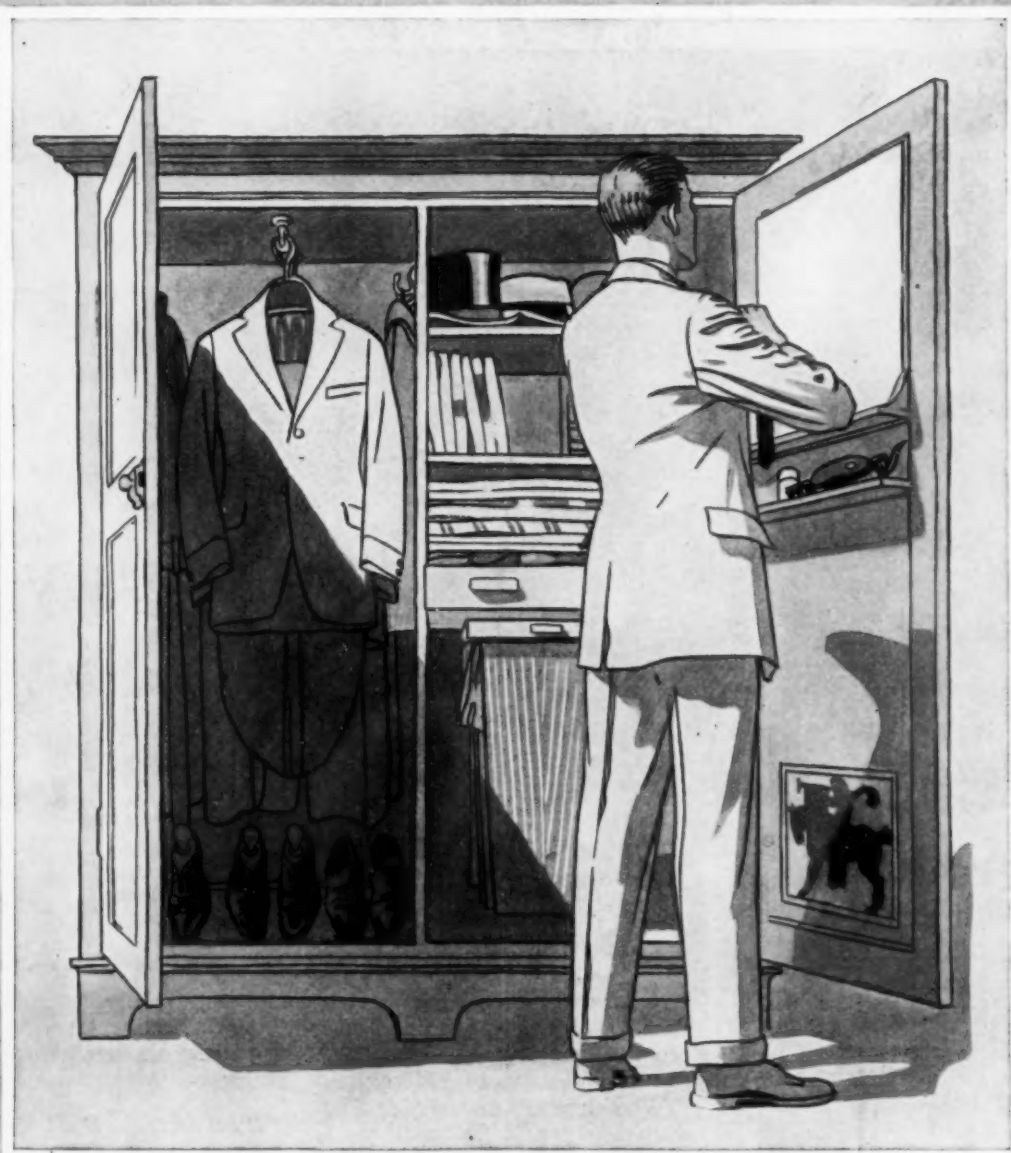


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Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

WAHL PEN



HART SCHAFFNER & MARX QUALITY
SOON GIVES YOU
A WARDROBE

It's easy enough to say a man should have a half dozen suits in his wardrobe / it's another thing to get them. The answer is / accumulate them gradually. Get good all-wool clothes whenever you buy. If they're made the way we make them, they'll last a long, long time. Before long you'll have a variety of clothes / and you'll be proud of them all.

MAR 18 1924

©C18611546

Li fe

The Confessions of a Sad Flop

I WAS a good guy when I had it.

Big-hearted, open-handed—always ready with a smile and a word o' cheer for every one—that was me. My name may have been obscure, but my face was as famous as the Smith Brothers'.

I was the man who posed for the Big Business advertisements. I used to have my photograph taken while I was seated at desks pointing at aged foremen or seedy bookkeepers. The title on such pictures always read, "On which side of the desk are you?" Invariably, you would find me on the right side. I impersonated Success in the great allegory of life.

I wasn't always at a desk in the photographs. Sometimes you would see me showing Government inspectors over the works, demonstrating the operation of the new sprinkler system or checking up on the sales charts with our Western manager. I was always the commanding figure—the chief executive—the big gun.

Once in a while I would have my portrait painted, cigarette in hand, for the "Men Who Do Things" series.

I played every character in the business world, from the unwise motorist who forgot to use tire chains to the consulting engineer who was

out and do something *worth while*. I left the old life flat and went to work.

My fortunes fell as I drifted from job to job, until I was forced to move from my luxurious apartments in Mills Hotel No. 9 to a park bench. Finally, I gave it up. The world of commerce

was not for me. I returned to the photographer's studio where I had made my success and asked for employment.

It was too late.

"We don't need your type any more," said the photographer, not without tenderness. "There's no demand to-day for prosperous executives in cutaway coats. What the big advertisers want now is *young men*—square-shouldered, heavy-jawed, angular and aggressive. However, we *might* be able to use

you as the aged foreman or the seedy bookkeeper who stands on the other side of the desk."

Nevertheless, there is no one to deny that I was a good guy when I had it.



ON WHICH SIDE OF THE DESK ARE YOU?

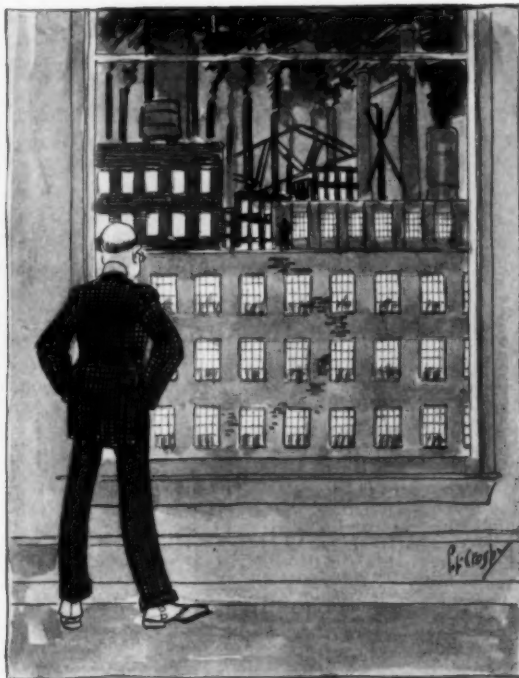
always pointing his finger directly at the reader and saying, "You, Mr. Bushing and Bearing User!"

But that was all long ago. I made my big mistake when I tried to branch



THE TWO-FISTED BABY'S PRAYER

"GOD BLESS MOTHER AND FATHER AND UNCLE OS AND COUSIN HARRIET AND OLD MR. GREEVEY AND HULDA AND SPOT AND MAKE GEORGIE A GOOD GO-GETTER. AMEN."



Owner of Child Labor Factory: GAD! IT MAKES THE BLOOD TINGLE—THE VERY ROMANCE OF IT ALL.

Permanent Headlines

TALKING Motion Pictures Perfected.

Dwelling Rents Are Advanced.
Bureau of Statistics Reports Increased Cost of Living.
President Urges Strict Enforcement of Volstead Law.
Cabinet Member to Resign.
William Randolph Hearst Is Candidate.
Europe Wants American Aid.
Bandits Rob Cigar Store.
James M. Beck Talks.
Taxes to Be Lower Next Year.
Munsey Kills Another Newspaper.
John D. Gives Away Dimes.
Labor Unions Demand Higher Wages.
Change of Government in Greece.

W. G.

Cheerograms

It Is All in the Point of View

A mother sent her two little girls to play in a beautiful garden. Soon one child ran back crying. "Oh! Mother, Mother," she moaned, "all the roses have thorns." By and by the other child came dancing in, radiant. "Oh! Mother, Mother," she cried, "all the thorns have beautiful roses."

It Depends on How You Look At It

Two men looked out from prison bars.
One saw mud—the other saw stars.

The One-Hundred-Per-Cent. Bard

MUSE, will you list to the plaint of a bard
Who would be free from poetical fetters?
The way of a Keats or a Shelley is hard—
Let me enlist with the vibrant go-getters.
Give me a measure of red-blooded vim,
Let me possess all the punch that's available,
All that I ask is the power to limn
Lyrics or lines that are readily salable.

(THE MUSE STARTS TO WORK.)

I am a Poet.
I have FAITH in my goods!

Men—real he-men—have a false idea of poets—a conception handed down through the ages since the days when minstrels were known as long-haired dreamers.

But that has passed.

To-day, poets are salesmen just like other folks. Elbert H. Gary *sells* steel, Harvey Firestone *sells* tires, the live modern minister *sells* religion. I *sell* VERSE.

Poets don't build bridges or run railroad trains across the mighty Rockies. But they do bring good cheer into the hearts of humanity. And that is SERVICE.

So shake the idea that I'm a dead one. I'm not. I'm a booster for my own stuff just as you are—and you—and you!

I am a Poet.
I have FAITH in my goods!

(THE MUSE RETIRES.)

Muse, you have given new hope to my purse,
You are a knockout, and loudly I'll yell it . . .
But, since you've helped me so much with this verse,
Maybe you'll tell me just how I can sell it.

Robert E. Sherwood.



"HOW NEM CONGUSSMEN GIT ALL 'AT OIL OFFEN DEIR CLOES, RASTUS?"

"I SPECTS DEY SENDS 'EM TO ONE NEM WHITE-WASH LAUNDRIES."



THIS 24-SHEET POSTER, DISPLAYED ON BILLBOARDS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY FROM PORTLAND (ME.) TO PORTLAND (ME.), HAS SOLD THE "GONNICK IDEA" TO THOUSANDS OF BRIDGE-BUYERS.

How I Made America "Gonnick-Conscious"

By Joseph L. Gonnick

President of the Joseph L. Gonnick Cantilever Bridge Co. and Allied Interests

WHENEVER any one asks me whether I believe in modern advertising and its principles, my answer is invariably: "Yes, I am a great believer in it." Then I point to the first slogan the Joseph L. Gonnick Cantilever Bridge Company ever used in a national campaign:

"Look, Dad! It's a Gonnick!"

That simple slogan appeared in magazines and newspapers and on billboards a good many years ago, yet I doubt if any one failed to connect it immediately with the new bridges that were going up all over the country at that time. Of course, they were Gonnicks and it seemed the best policy in the world at that time to let people know what kind of new bridges were these bright, strong new affairs springing up everywhere. That slogan made many a country commissioner turn to another country commissioner and say: "Well, Ed, what about these Gonnick bridges I'm hearing so much about?" It started bridge-buyers realizing there were such things as Gonnick Cantilevers.

A little later we realized the "Look, Dad!" slogan wasn't enough. We were selling bridges, all right, but we wanted

to sell more. We wanted to arouse enthusiasm as well as interest. So the late Ripley Wisth, then head of our sales department and subsequently founder of our Domestic and Foreign Publicity Bureaus, conceived the slogan, "A Gonnick Bridge Is a Daisy Bridge." This slogan and the one used later on so many small cards, "London Bridge Is Falling Down—It's Not a Gonnick!" helped our output reach a scale of revolutionary size.

Many slogans used in the advertising

Gonnick

The readers of this magazine need no introduction to Joseph L. Gonnick, President of the Joseph L. Gonnick Cantilever Bridge Co. Mr. Gonnick—or just plain "Joseph," as most of us call him—is one executive who has been able to put his dreams into the credit side of the ledger. That's what's made him the Master Bridge-Builder of the World; that's what's earned for him the sobriquet which he is proud to bear—"A Prince of Good Fellows." Boys, step up and meet "Joseph" Gonnick. You and he will have a lot in common.—THE EDITOR.

campaigns at this period slip my memory. It was during this period that "NOW You Need Not Fear Water" became a well-known saying when we began printing it on the sides of the delivery trucks which carried each new bridge to its purchasers.

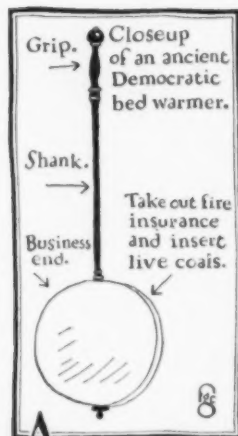
In the spring of 1907 a good many floods throughout the country caused a lot of talk. For several months previously we had been discussing the practicability of a great meeting of our advertising experts from all our branch bureaus here and abroad. It was Mr. Wisth's inspiration to attract them and work up unusual enthusiasm by offering a prize for the finest new slogan possible for international use. The folder which Mr. Wisth got out at the time, which is before me as I write—and which, by the bye, is in my opinion the greatest pamphlet of its kind ever got up—contained the following instructions to the experts entering the contest:

1. The word, or phrase, must be one that will sell Gonnick bridges like hot cakes.

2. It must be in words of not more than two syllables, so that public

(Continued on page 32)

BIG BUSINESS IN THE SOUTH SEAS



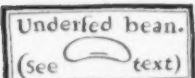
AN old Russian merchant named Otzski had a



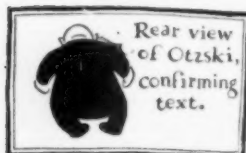
partner named Angus, a Scottzski.



The Scotchman was lean as an

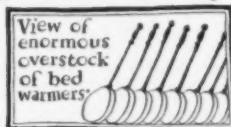


underfed bean; his runt of a

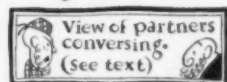


partner was squatzski.

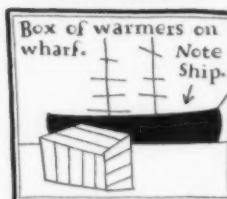
"D'ye ken them bed warmers we gotzski?" says Angus.



"Vy, sure! Und vy notzski?"



"Let's tak 'em away t' th' South Seas t'day an' sell them folks there the whole lotzski!"



So they packed up each handle and potzski and sailed about ten thousand knotzski.



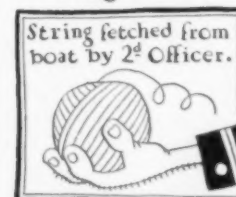
As they stepped on the shore they both heard the chief roar, "Why bring dem tings *hyah* wha' it's *hotzski*?"



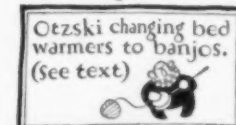
Says Otzski, "Dis *iss* qvite a swatzski! Qvick!"



Fetch me some string from de



yachtzski! Ve'll just gif 'em



moosic! I'm not feelin' too sick to change dese



to banjos — like dotzski!"

So they ail danced the — no matter whatzski, with old Otzski, the beau of the spotzski, hugged close to a peach



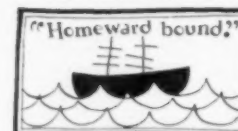
on the palm-shaded beach.



Oy! A regular Yiddish gavottzski!



This was all long before this here Trotzski...



The two partners made good in their plotzski; Scottish-Yid-South-Sea jargon recalls the old bargain. "Was the trip a *success*? Oh, mein GOTTzski!"



LIFE'S War Prize Contest

Feeling Runs High Through Country at Prospect of New World Conflict

THE response to LIFE's request for Bigger and Better War Plans has been overwhelming. The Contest looks like a triumphant success, and if we don't get the fighting started by April 30, it will be solely because of jealous interference by the U. S. Senate.

Those who have not already competed in this Contest should send their suggestions at once. If they win, they will receive the attractive prize money, and will undoubtedly have statues of themselves erected by grateful compatriots in every public park in the country.

The Contest closes on April 15, and suggestions must be limited to 200 words. The fewer words, the better.

The following War Plans will give you an idea of how the sentiment is running:

The Lardner Plan

In regard to your drive for a bigger and better war wish to state that I am with you as long as I have got a wife four kiddies and two flat feet. I often say to my wife I say Buster I wished we could go somewhere tonight and listen to a 4 minute speech and she kind of smiles and says I bet your gums is troubling you again. Seriously it seems to me like the last war flopped on account of being too exclusive and the next war wants to be a war of all nations including the ski jumpers and was I you I would write in good parts for the Irish and Jew boys like Abie's Rose and maybe have four or five road wars going at the same time.

How to get the big war started is the next? and how would it be for President Coolidge to send out invitations to the ambassadors of all the different nations in Washington and ask them to come to a banquet and come prepared to respond to a toast and then not call on none of them but turn on the radio and make them listen to the full text of Mr. Levermore's peace program broadcasted from station WOR Newark by Whanny Garlow Long double voiced soprano of the Happiness Boys Quartette.

RING LARDNER.
Asheville, N. C.

War Vet. Speaks

1. PREPARE for it.
2. Don't prepare for it.
3. Let France have her way in the Ruhr.
4. Don't let France have her way.
5. Kill the Soldier Bopuz Bill.
6. Try to get me to enlist as a private again.

EX-PVT. H. R. BAUKHAGE.
1329 Bates Road, Oakland, Calif.

FOR the best suggestion on how to start another good, big War, LIFE will award the following prizes:

First Prize.....	\$250.00
Second Prize.....	125.00
Third Prize.....	75.00
Fourth Prize.....	50.00

The Contest is governed by the following

CONDITIONS

1. Suggestions must be limited to 200 words.
2. The Contest will close on April 15, and the judges will not consider any manuscripts received after that date.
3. All professional war-promoters—including members of Congress, manufacturers of munitions and war materials, a selected list of ministers of the Gospel, certain members of "patriotic" defense societies, and the House of Hohenzollern—are barred from the Contest. The Editors of LIFE are also ineligible.
4. Suggestions should be addressed to the War Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

As the answers to this Contest are submitted, the Editors of LIFE will select those suggestions that they consider best. These will be published from week to week in LIFE, and the readers of the magazine will have the opportunity to vote for their favorites. From these selections the Editors will make the final awards. Should any of the winning plans be duplicated, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our regular rates—whether it wins a prize or not.

Strife Recipe

HOLD an International Baby Contest.
JAMES B. HALEY.
63 Mohawk St., Little Falls, N. Y.

From "Kid Boots"

RUSSIA is a dandy country to start a war with. She's always ready to fight.

We want
bigger
and better
wars!

in fact, from the pictures I've seen, the men always carry camouflage on their faces. Supposing we send over all our black face comedians who use Jewish dialects to their Moscow Art Theatre. In a day or two all these black face comedians would be shot or something. That's only the start. Germany won't pay France the money they owe, which is quite a huge sum, and France brings her Army to Germany and starts shooting, which the Germans don't care for and the land of the Kaiser does something terrible about it, which should be figured out later. Now we have four nations fighting, Russia and the United States, France and Germany, and pay attention how I get England in this. Also, notice that I am not monkeying with anyone not in the big Leagues. The next move is to hire a Spanish Assassin to kill Queen Mary's milliner. That makes the Queen mad because this particular milliner makes hats only the Queen will wear. No one else could get away with it. Now what does the Queen do? She calls for the Prince of Wales, who is busy putting glue on his riding breeches, he jumps on a horse and captures the Spaniard who blighted the life of the milliner and sends a Warship to Spain where King Alfonso hangs out. He phones to England and bawls out the king and now we have England and Spain involved in this bloody war.

During this time, Mussolini, the Morris Gest of Italy, is having trouble with Japan on account of certain things which I dare not reveal at this writing, as it would be unpatriotic.

By close figuring, I predict this war could last for a little over nine years, if they stop fighting Wednesday and Saturday afternoons as these are matinee days.

EDDIE CANTOR.

101 Park Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Where They Came From

SEND back all immigrants who arrived since Edward W. Bok.

W. S. MEAD.

267 Park Ave., Takoma Park, D. C.

Crank

APPOINT Henry Ford supreme director. Ford alone could start anything—he started his own car.

W. TOWNSEND GODSEY.
Maryville Tribune,
Maryville, Missouri.

Puzzled

WHAT in H—I do you want of another war?

In 1923 63,000 were killed by automobiles, booze got 182,000, and 211,000

(Continued on page 36)



THE BOMBING SQUADRON

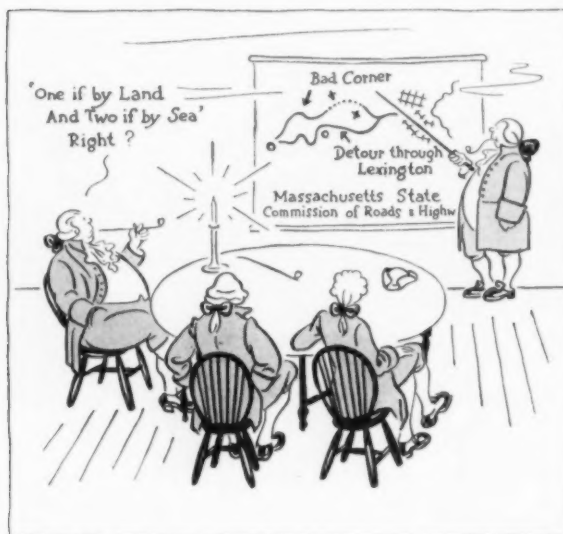
"WHICH BRANCH OF THE AIR SERVICE IS HERBERT IN?"
"CONGRESS."

Overheard at the Moron Club

"I DON'T see why these labor unions are so set on restricting immigration. They ought to know that when foreigners come over here they buy a lot of things made by our working classes."

"Sure they do. And letting a few more millions of them come in would be a great thing for our export trade. With lower wages we could afford to sell our surplus goods abroad at low prices, and make up for it by charging the American consumer all that the tariff will allow."

"The trouble with these labor people is that they are so blamed selfish. Always thinking of their own wages. If they'd only be more patriotic we'd have a business boom that would put manufacturing profits up ten per cent."



PAUL REVERE CONFERS WITH THE HIGHWAYS COMMISSIONERS ABOUT THE CONDITION OF THE CONCORD ROADS.

Checrograms

Merely a Difference of Attitude

Two salesmen met in the outer office of a prospective customer. The one coming out said: "No use to see him to-day. He is not in a buying mood." The other one said: "While I am here it is my duty to see him." He got the order.

Two Ways of Looking At It

"Twixt the optimist and the pessimist
The difference is droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut
While the pessimist sees the hole.

If

IF I were a big business man—
I'd never have conferences,
I'd never have my secretary phone any one to say that I was going to talk to him in just a moment,
I'd shoot any one in my office who spoke of pep or punch,
I'd play golf during the week, but admit it,
I'd go without a white edging to my vest,
And as a result, I guess I'll have to stay a writer.

A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT CONSULTS WITH HIS OFFICERS ON THE PROPRIETY OF DAMNING THE TORPEDOES.

If Our Heroic Forefathers

Song

WHEN all the world was younger,
When petals lay as snow,
What recked I of the hunger
An empty heart can know?
For love was young and cheery,
And love was quick and free;
To-morrow might be weary,
But what was that to me?

But now the world is older,
And now to-morrow's come.
The winds are rushing colder,
And all the birds are dumb.
And icy shackles fetter
The brooklet's sunny blue,—
And I was never better;
But what is that to you?

Dorothy Parker.

DEALER: You don't like this butter? What's the matter with it?
CUSTOMER (returning purchase): It isn't what it's crocked up to be.

LIQUOR is getting worse and worse.
Some of these bootleggers ought to be arrested.

Executive Ability

CRICHTON, until his health deserted him, was a sales-manager. Then he went to the country and became an apiarist. You know, he kept bees—or rather, the bees kept him. His "Blossomdale" honey was sold at many of the better places.

But some people bought the adjoining farm and started another apiary. Crichton's bees no longer enjoyed a monopoly of the flowers and blossoms. Business began to fall off.

So Crichton did the usual thing. He held a round-table conference. He told the bees they must hustle up more business; they must get on their toes. The bees seemed grieyed, but they buzzed off, filled with serious purpose and augmented resolve.

Still Crichton was not satisfied. He organized an interhive contest and spurred them on. He posted graphs and tabulated returns. He told them of business cycles. The bees, of course, found all this confusing, but they tried to make good. Their wings became frayed; they no longer hummed at their work.

One day Crichton posted this circular letter: "It has come to my notice that outlying territory in the North



THE AMERICAN WORKINGMAN'S PRESENT IDEA OF THE FULL DINNER PAIL

Forty is being neglected. We need that business. Go out and get it."

That night while Crichton slept unusual agitation might have been seen among the hives. Some of the bolder bees hurried from door to door, and the rest streamed to the rendezvous.

Scouts came back from Crichton's room and reported the window open. Across the garden, up the wall, over the sill and under the bedclothes thousands of bees crawled stealthily. At a given signal they bared their poisoned stilettos and plunged them to the hilt in the flesh of the ex-sales-manager. He died at dawn.

Delightfully intelligent creatures, bees!
Hubert Evans.



Had Gone Into Conference

ISRAEL PUTNAM EXAMINES THE ARMY'S ABILITY TO SEE THE WHITES OF THE ENEMY'S EYES.



COMMANDER HOBSON DECIDES ON A SUITABLE BATHING COSTUME FOR HIS SWIM TO MORRO CASTLE.

IRON PYRITES



A House Organ published every once in a while in the interests of the employees of Peter A. Ferrous Sons, Inc., Art Iron Works and Kitchen Sinks.



Edited by JAMES K. MCGUINNESS, Dog and Deer Dept.

Vol. VII, No. 3

East Audacious, Ill.

Comradeship

(A Message from Our President)

MY one regret is that everyone in this organization does not call me Pete. My Christian name, as most of you know, is Peter; and as long as I can remember, my loved ones have called me Pete, as a mark of affection.

My friends, my sisters, my brothers, dear old dad, my precious mother and the best little pal anyone ever had—Mrs. Ferrous—all know me as Pete. I wish you did, too, for you are just as close to me as the members of my family. And why shouldn't you be, for aren't we all members of the same big, loving, happy family—Peter A. Ferrous Sons, Inc., Art Iron Works and Kitchen Sinks?

Of course, dignity has to be upheld, but that does not change the point that we are all pulling together like the unselfish family we are—the whole bunch looking out for everyone else's success.

Comrades! That's what we are.

Comradeship! That's the watchword.

Don't forget either. It is the system that works wonders. And don't forget that I want each one of you to think of me as Pete, even though the dignity of my position unfortunately frowns on your using that term in addressing me.

Peter A. Ferrous

Employee Activities

NEXT Wednesday night, in Warehouse No. 4, the Open and Close Harmony Boys will hold a session. The boys are brushing up on some new numbers, and will top off with "Good Night, Ladies." It will be a stag party, however. Sorry, girls.

In honor of the recent arrival of a daughter, John Duffus of Tool Shed Three has been presented with a life-size cast-iron stork by the Board of Directors. John has been eighteen years in the company's service, and just as soon as he buys his own home and has a lawn he intends to install the stork on it. The stork was the last one in stock.

Bill Timm, who used to be one of the bright lights of the Soap Dish Foundry, is in New York now. New York girls, he says, aren't in it with those at East Audacious. That's the spirit, Bill.

Page One

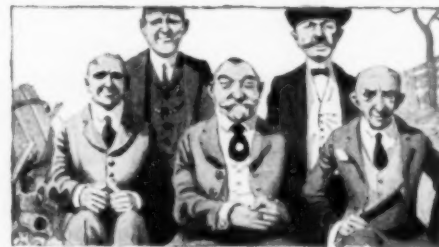
IRON PYRITES

Scenes at Our Annual Outing



This delightfully rural spot was chosen for the outing because of its combined beauties of soft turf, spreading shade trees and the joys of Nature unspoiled.

Comfortable as though everyone had his own limousine, here are the boys and girls in the roomy truck provided by the company. The executives followed in Mr. Ferrous' car.

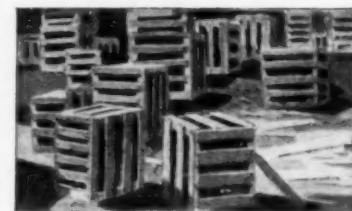


Here they are. The men who make the works go. Standing, Mr. Gaylor and Mr. Whimple. Sitting, Mr. Dumps and Mr. Grey. Standing, sitting, standing, Mr. Ferrous.



The Girls of Sink Plant One. Watch your step, Mr. Ziegfeld.

Home Again. After a day's fun it surely was good to be back amid the familiar scenes of our loved plant.



Page Two

IRON PYRITES

Scraps and Filings

MR. GAYLORD, the live-wire chief of the Dog and Deer Department, is right on the job every minute, as ye ed. can testify. One day last month a rush order came through for a pair of lawn deer with seven-pronged antlers. There were only six-pronged ones in stock and no time for new castings, but that didn't stump Mr. Gaylord at all. He hurried over to the faucet department and got some



OUR CHIEF

MR. PETER A. FERROUS

Think of him as "Pete."

faucets, which he had filed down and soldered on the six-pronged antlers. An expert couldn't have told the difference. That's the kind of thinking that helped us win the war.

The boys in the Shipping Department have bought a set of boxing gloves and are putting on some swift bouts during the lunch hour. Jack Dempsey better look out.

Heard in the bookkeeping department:
Jerry M.—Say, why do you always sit in the back row at the movies?

Fred S.—None of your business.
Maybe Gertie T. knows something about this. How about it, Gertie? Ha! Ha!

We won't mention any names, but one of the stenographers in the Lead Pipe Department got one of those new novels from Greenwich Village last week, and there's a regular list waiting to borrow it when she finishes. Hot stuff, girls.

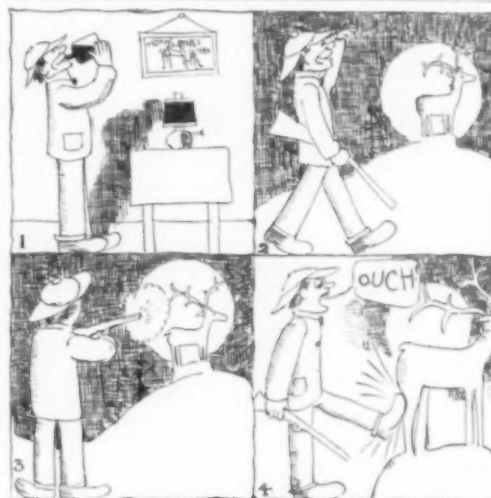
Everybody in Foundry One is looking forward to our next outing, to be held in May or June. Only a few months to wait, fellows.

Bill T., of Sink Plant Four, was seen trying to tie his flivver to a hitching post in town the other night. Better lay off those strawberry sodas, Bill.

Good news for everyone! The Board of Directors decided at its last meeting that any employee of the company who wishes to buy any cast-iron lawn deer, dogs, or kitchen sinks, or any of the other art products of the company, will be allowed to have them at the regular wholesale price. That's the kind of consideration that makes everyone happy.

Page Three

IRON PYRITES



THE HUNTER FOOLED

OR
FERROUS' DEER STAND THE TEST

(Drawn by Frederick Grosse, Jr., of Imported Railings Foundry, No. X3.)

1. THE HUNTER TAKES A SHOT. 2. HE SPIES HIS GAME. 3. BANG! ANOTHER SHOT. 4. BACKFIRE.

Moral—All is not gold that glitters.

My Ambition

WHEN I grow up I want to go to work
For the good old Peter A. Ferrous Company,
And you will see I never intend to shirk
No matter how hard may seem my duty.

So three cheers for the Peter A. Ferrous Company,
And everyone who works for it as well.
I hope that I will hurry and grow up and then I'll be
Working for them and everything will be swell.

By EDWARD SHANKTON, JR.

(The twelve-year-old son of Edward Shankton, Sr., of the Lead Pipe Department.)

Pep Paragraphs

WATCH the washers and the faucets will take care of themselves.

Don't forget that no matter what you make, it's not worth anything until you've sold it.

The way to get to the top is to dig when you're at the bottom.

Keep moving. Let the other fellow look out for his heels.

You can judge a man's character by the way he takes inventory.

In time of ease, prepare for work.

Don't be afraid to say what you think—if you do.
If you can deliver the goods, the goods will deliver you.

Page Four

Durfee Elastic Raisin Co.				Debit	Credit	
March 1	10,000 elastic @ 114			1375 10	March 1 Cash	7315 200
" 3	Inventory			145 50	" "	115280 00
" "	Lots of things			625 75	" 3 Stolen	11372 10
" 5	More elastic			1361 10	" 5 Turn-making	1327 50
" 7	100 lbs. seaweed @ 48¢			3715 00	" " Overhead	310100 10
" 11	Guano what					211 10
" 12	Turnover					560 10
" 15	1 gross containers					3251 00
" "	1 gross containers					75
" "	1 gross containers					1 10
" 17	Earnings					1710
" 19	30,000 overheads					25110 30
" 22	Inventory					31 50
" "	This and That					100 00
" "	16 men on a dead					100 00
" 23	Turnover					100 00
" 24	1 dog-hubbing					1200 50
" 25	10 reasons why I love you			7500 00	" 27 Cash or something	375000 00
" "	Inventory			37500 00	Total Credits	310714 50
	Total Debits			674312 50	Balance	211057 23
				674312 50		674312 50

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Modern Accounting Theory

FOR the student in modern accounting methods the basic rule is easily remembered. It is as follows: Always enter an item in the column in which it does not logically belong. Thus, as in the accompanying example, if you are having dealings with the Durfee Elastic Raisin Co. (and who is not, at some time or other?) you personify your ledger so that when the Durfee people pay you a certain sum, your books show that they still owe it to you, and if they do not pay it, they are credited with that amount. In other words, all credits go in the debit column and all debits in the credit column. This makes it easier for the doctor to figure out what is wrong with the accountant when he starts moaning and counting his fingers and toes. The trouble with the old system was that it was too easy. Any one could keep books. Now the prospective C.P.A. has to have a piece of skull removed from over a certain section of his brain so that he can work backwards. The really efficient way is to keep no books at all. Then what you don't know doesn't worry you.

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Photograph Fiend (to would-be suicide): HEY! WAIT JUST A MINUTE TILL I RUN HOME AND GET MY CAMERA.

Life Lines

HALF the world is trying to prove that Hollywood is a pretty wild place. The other half is going there.

⌄

"Great Discovery in Atoms Gives U. S. Giant War Weapon," shrieks a headline. Suggested recruiting slogan: "Up and Atom!"

⌄

What has become of that old theory that being in politics meant financial ruin?

⌄

Two wrongs sometimes make a riot.

⌄

Statesmen involved in the oil scandal never realized how many miles per gallon they might get out of office.

Anecdotes of Great Men

"One" on Henry

HENRY FORD was once showing George Bernard Shaw, the great playwright, over his extensive factory. Finally they stopped to permit a long line of "lizzies" to run into the shipping department under their own power.

"Henry," asked Shaw, "do you know what time it is?"

"Twelve-fourteen," replied Mr. Ford after consultation with the simple dollar-watch which is his constant companion.

"It is no twelve-fourteen," replied Shaw with a twinkle in his eye and with that delightful Hibernian brogue of his. "Shure"—indicating the procession of "flivvers"—"it's tin afther tin!"

He got the job.

Baruch and World Affairs

"Speaking of the present condition of Europe," said Bernard Baruch at a recent dinner in Washington, "it reminds me of a story told about a young friend of mine.

"This boy, aged 'half-past five,' has a father who is an ardent radio fan. The father was telling his little son about the wonders of radio. 'I was working the apparatus last night, Robert,' said his father, 'and I got San Francisco—think of it, San Francisco!'

"That's nothing," replied Robert with a mischievous smile. 'I just stuck my head out of the window last night and got Chile.'

"It is perhaps unnecessary to add," concluded Mr. Baruch, "that the boy's mother laughed heartily."

Henry William Hanemann.



"SAY, ARE YOUSE LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE?"

"NO, I'M NOT, I ASSURE YOU."

"WELL, YOU DON'T NEED TO GIT UGLY ABOUT IT."



MARCH 20, 1924

VOL. 83. 2159

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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MR. RAMSAY Macdonald, feeling the need of some discussion with M. Poincaré about the affairs of Europe, has addressed him in quite a new manner. Instead of talking to him like a diplomat he has talked like one human being to another, and M. Poincaré instead of replying like a lawyer, as has been his wont, has answered him back really quite man to man. Mr. Macdonald disclosed frankly to M. Poincaré the disquietude of the British mind about French activities the last year or two, including the maintenance of a large army, the building up of a huge air force (not to speak of submarines) and the occupation of the Ruhr. He communicated the inconvenience that England has suffered for lack of markets, and the apprehensions of many persons that France was in the Ruhr to stay. He even deprecated the expenditure of so much French money in putting a ring of armed French allies around Germany and building up a huge military force, while the interest on the French debt to Great Britain remained unpaid, and the British were very hard pressed to pay the interest bills on their own debts. Mr. Macdonald even allowed himself to suggest that if the states of Europe were able to show a better prospect of getting together, reducing expenses, earning money and doing business, some useful co-operation might even be expected from the United States.

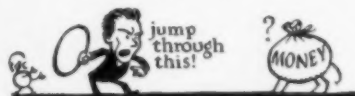
All these delicate matters Mr. Macdonald communicated with candor but quite without rancor, and he got a very good reply out of M. Poincaré, to effect that France had no intention of grabbing anything; that she was thinking only of her own safety, taking precautions against the possibility of German

revenge, and trying to bring the Germans to a more effective disposition to earn what they could, pay what they could and get the wheels of Europe turning again.



SO possibly, since Mr. Macdonald and M. Poincaré can talk together so frankly and amicably, they may work together in the same spirit and get ahead with a lot of matters that need moving. Their conversations, it should be noted, came just before the report on German finances in which our Messrs. Dawes, Young and Robinson are implicated, and have possibly been invited by the near prospect of that report. As for Mr. Macdonald's suggestion that if Europe showed signs of coming to terms with herself she might win some American co-operation, there is nothing out of the way or unlikely in that, though Carnals here were disposed to jeer at it. In spite of much indifference there is really deep and wide concern for Europe here, and an encouraging prospect of peace in Europe might make Europe an issue in the coming election in the United States. So far as these States are concerned, now is the time to give encouragement to the friends of world peace. We should like something to talk about here besides domestic scandals. If Europe gives us a good topic, it is sure to be discussed, and the discussion is likely to affect what happens next June in the conventions and what will happen next November at the polls, if indeed current investigations in Washington are finished, and the separation of the reluctant Mr.

Daugherty from the Coolidge Administration is accomplished, in time for nominating conventions to be held and the campaign to proceed.

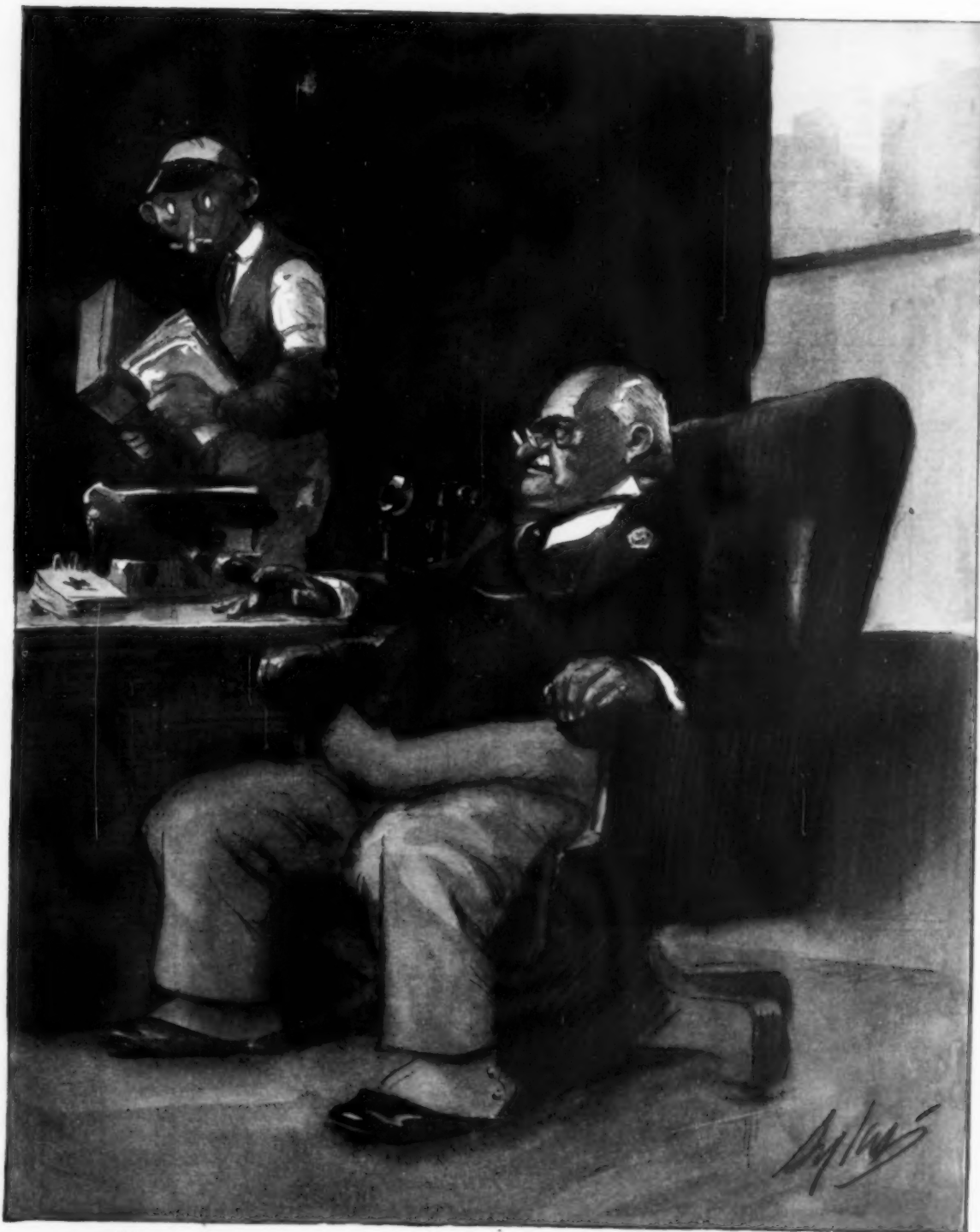


THE postal employees would like an increase in their salaries. They feel that they are not getting enough. They used to feel so in Mr. Burseson's time, and there was general agreement that the feeling was justified. There is also agreement, in a general way, that it is justified now, and the papers report that most of the Congressmen from New York approve the Kelly-Edge Bill, which is the Bill to give the postmen a raise.

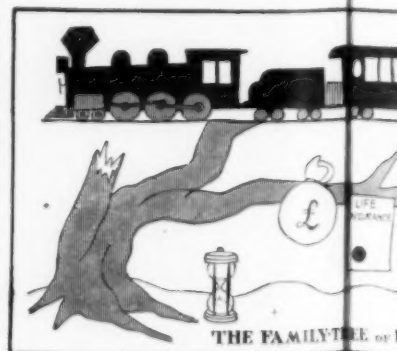
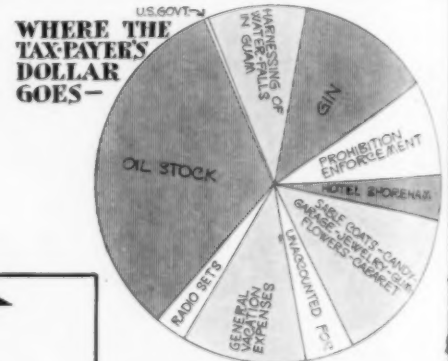
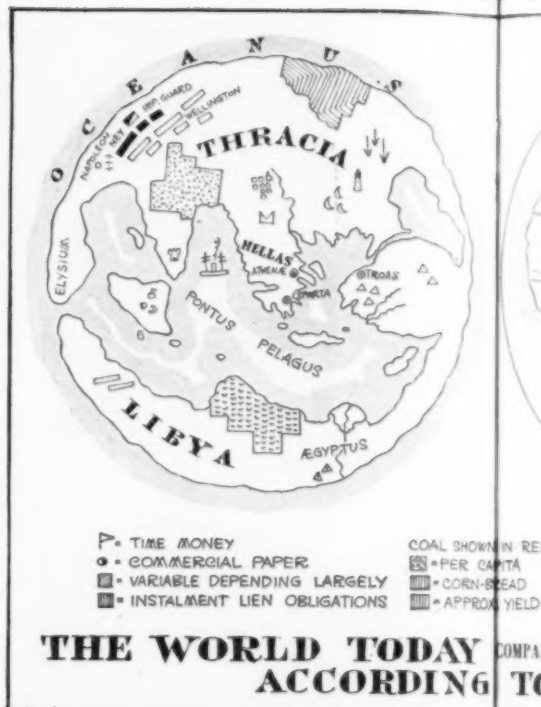
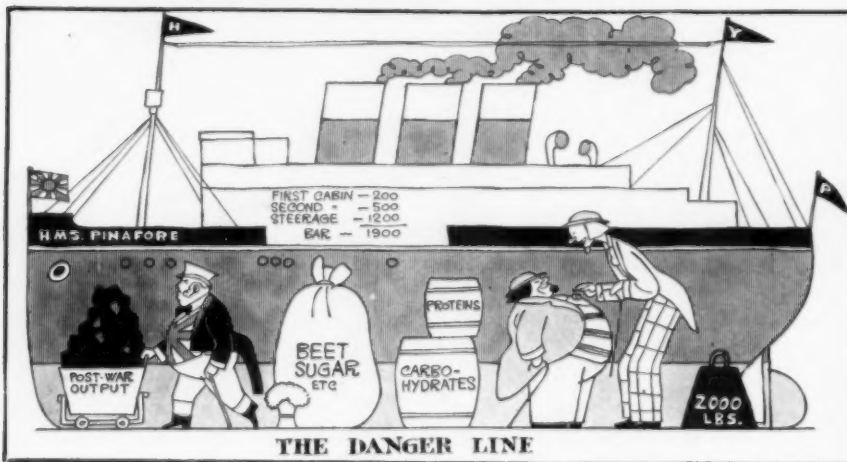
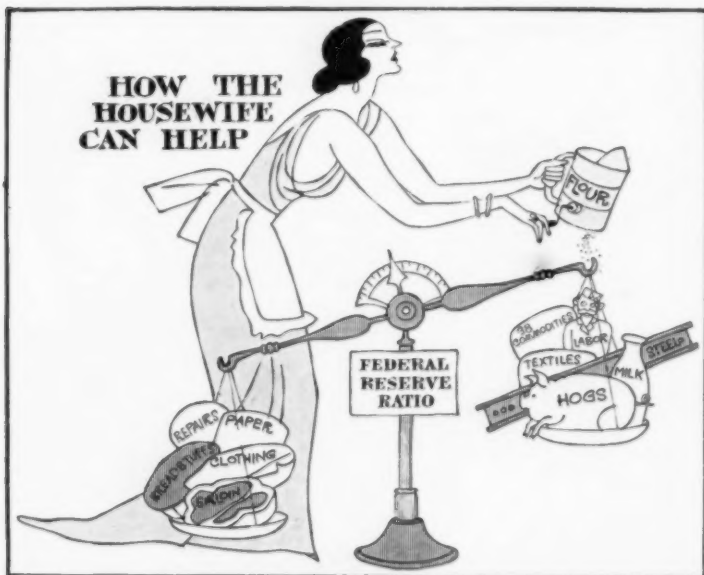
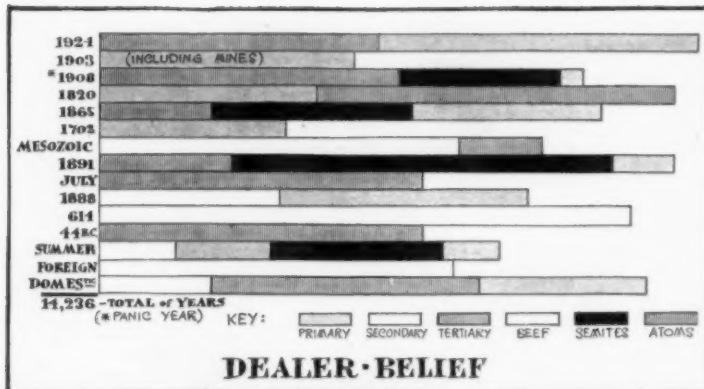
The cost of the raise that it proposes is estimated at \$110,000,000 a year, which, to be sure, is a good deal of money even now, though some authorities insist that it is not too much to pay properly for the work that the postal employees were doing. That will be discussed in Congress. One would like to save a little of that money, though, and there is a way by which it might possibly be done. A very large proportion of the postal business in these times is the distribution of mail advertising. The letters that form the great burden of everybody's mail every morning do not begin: "Yours of even date received," or "I take my pen in hand to say the weather is fine." Not at all. They do not even begin, "I love you just the same." They say, "Our white goods are marked down 80 per cent. Call early at our store and avoid the rush. This is private to you as an old customer." Or else they say, "Our diamond necklaces are a great bargain" or else that "This is the last chance to buy No Good mining stock before it is marked up to 94." That manner of communication is unloaded on us by the ton. People who have secretaries have them sift it out. The much larger body of folks who have no secretaries sift it for themselves. If we could relieve the post office and its employees of the labor of distributing advertisements, that would be even more grateful to the public than to raise the postmen's pay.

The natural mission of advertisements is to support newspapers and periodicals. To divert them from this useful end is an obvious injury to the public.

E. S. Martin.



"SINCE THE SURTAX REDUCTION VITALLY AFFECTS US ALL, SMITHERS, I HOPE THAT YOU AND THE REST OF THE OFFICE FORCE HAVE WRITTEN A GOOD STRONG LETTER TO YOUR CONGRESSMAN SETTING FORTH *our* VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT!"



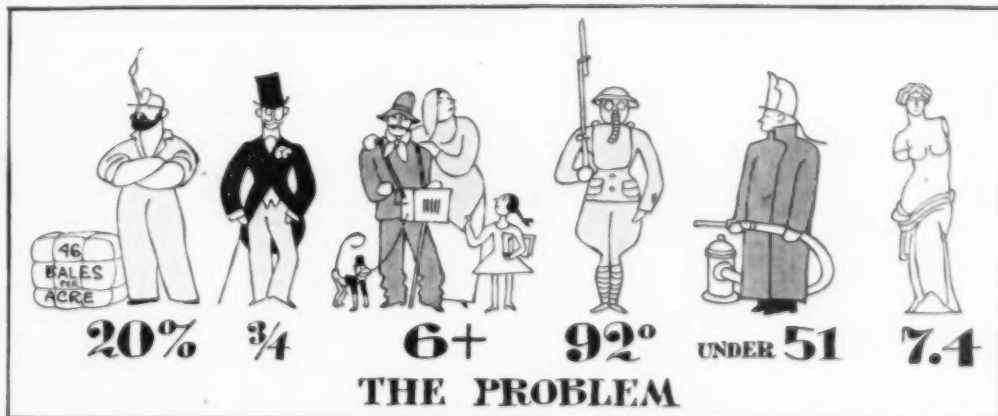
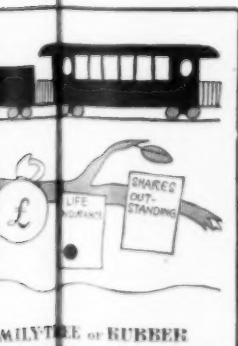
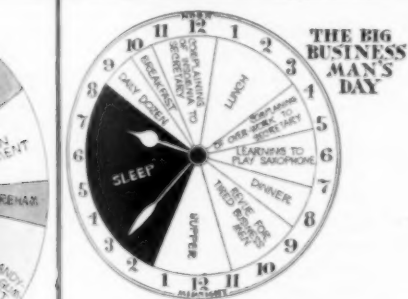
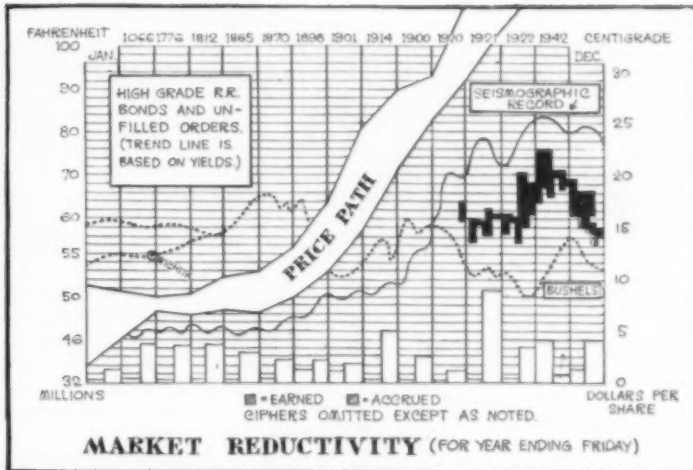
The Money Market
A Graphic Representation of the Interrelation of Consumer



L SHOWN IN RED
PER CAPITA
CORN-BREAD
APPROX YIELD PER TON

□ = JUNIPER OIL PER QT.
□ = GROWTH OF 4 1/4'S.
----- PROPOSED
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AY COMPARED WITH **THE WORLD**
NG **TO HOMER**



y Market at a Glance

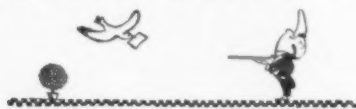
n of Consumer-Demand, Trade-Currents and Dealer-Helps



Front Page News

AS exclusively sensed in these columns several weeks ago, the Forty-Ninth St. Theatre has this season been dedicated to Plays with a Message. First William Hodge, bringing the word to sinners and sufferers that they may be healed through Mind Force, then Leo Carrillo galloping up with the good news that Faith will move any reasonable-sized mountain, and now Lionel Atwill, who appears in a play called "The Outsider" which demonstrates somewhat more explicitly than its predecessors that Right Thinking, plus a certain practical rack machine, is efficacious in curing hip-trouble, even though the practitioner has not a degree from a medical college.

It is unfair, however, to class "The Outsider" with "For All of Us" and "Gypsy Jim," for, quite apart from its therapeutics, it has genuine dramatic value. It also has Katharine Cornell. The combination of the two gives it distinction enough to overcome its initial handicap, assumed in the first act, of being a play with a definite purpose. Most authors who set out to prove something are unable to see the trees for the forest, but Dorothy Brandon has combined her scorn for reactionary physicians with a knowledge of what constitutes good theatre, and, aided by Miss Cornell's superb work, has dispelled the odor of ether let loose in the first act with a sweep of effective drama in the last which sends you away with your heart thumping furiously to get out from under your collar bone.



MR. ATWILL, deprived of the wizardry of Mr. Belasco's direction, is better than he has been since his first appearance in this country in "The Wild Duck." ("The Outsider" was directed by Robert Milton with his customary skill.) He has dropped almost all of his ham mannerisms, and only once in the present performance does he hold his jaw down on his collar to indicate an emotional upset. For the most part he plays with that easy grace which was his own before he came under the spell of the Great Patron of Nature. Which leads us quite naturally to the following paragraph.



ON the morning of March 4, 1924, the country was stunned by announcement on the front pages of the newspapers that David Belasco would retire from producing on June 1 rather than comply with the odious demands of the Actors' Equity Association. Each account was accom-

panied by a picture of Mr. Belasco in his Father David make-up. Little groups of excited citizens gathered on the street corners discussing the news, and several threw themselves into the East River. There really was no need for this.



IN the first place, as we remember it, Mr. Belasco was going to retire five years ago if the actors won the strike. And Mr. Cohan was going to run that elevator. The actors won the strike, and since then Mr. Belasco has made the following notable contributions to the cause of the American theatre: "The Son-Daughter," "Call the Doctor," "Shore Leave," "Deburau," "The Grand Duke," "The Comedian," "Kiki," "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!" and "The Other Rose," with a revival of "The Merchant of Venice" and other classics from the pen of Belasco. Of these new productions, "Deburau" alone has any claim to distinction as a valuable addition to our stage. Miss Ulric's performance in "Kiki" was a personal triumph in a very cheap play, and the rest of the list is made up, for the most part, of the most mediocre of stuff.

In comparison with the many thrillingly fine productions which the past few seasons have brought forth from other sources, plays which have advanced our theatre immeasurably, the above listed contributions of Mr. Belasco present a rather puny array. The period has passed when, by hanging on the wall a clock which keeps accurate time throughout the performance or by having real roses on the table every night, a producer could lay claim to being the patron saint of the Drama. Even the familiar "Wizard" sounds a bit strong when you look over Mr. Belasco's accomplishments during the past five years. Aside from studying the rainbow, he seems to have got out of touch with the Infinite.



SO, had he carried out his threat to retire five years ago, the American stage would really have been just about where it is to-day, and that is doing very well, thank you. The only real loss would have been that big Belasco dinner given by the mythical American Society of Arts and Sciences out of the Belasco gross, and countless little impromptu curtain-speeches.

Therefore, in view of the fact that all of Mr. Belasco's productions would be closed on June 1 anyway, Equity or no Equity, and also in view of the Great White Father's genius for publicity, the only people who really ought to jump into the East River are the managing editors of those sophisticated New York dailies who fell for the most obvious gag in the history of theatrical press-agenting.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—Walter Hampden's splendid revival of Rostand's splendid play.

Hell-Bent for Heaven. *Frazee*—A thoroughly engrossing story of the ravages of religious mania.

Hurricane. *Frolic*—Olga Petrova and what you get for being bad.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—The only murder mystery in town.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh! *Belasco*—Last week of Lionel Barrymore in what Mr. Belasco promises us will be his last production.

Macbeth. *Forty-Eighth St.*—James K. Hackett in the rôle which won him a medal.

The Miracle. *Century*—Too magnificent to miss.

The Outsider. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—An unusual and thrilling drama of Life and Death, with an excellent cast.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels and her perennial hit.

Saint Joan. *Empire*—Shaw's version of the Maid's progress to Sainthood, with Winifred Lenihan as Joan.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—A big success in spite of this department.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—The war and how it came to the backwoods, told simply and well.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—American comedy of everyday weaknesses. One of the season's best.

Welded. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—A vivid tale of white disintegration in the tropics.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—To be reviewed later.

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—A unique and delightful dream-satire, with Roland Young as the dreamer.

Fashion. *Provincetown*—A good laugh at the expense of a comedy of 1845, done as it was done then.

Fata Morgana. *Garrick*—To be reviewed next week.

For All of Us. *Ambassador*—William Hodge in Science and Health.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—The children home for vacation, and very pleasant, too.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Mary Boland in what started to be a satire on literary lion-hunting.

The Merry Wives of Gotham. *Henry Miller's*—A little Irish thing made charming by Grace George and Laura Hope Crews.

The Moon-Flower. *Astor*—Elsie Ferguson adding five hundred per cent. to the class of a paper-covered romance.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Otto Kruger and June Walker in hilarious rough-and-tumble.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—A cross-section of the home-life of the plain American boob, done particularly well.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Just about as true a play and characterization of people you know as we have ever seen.

The Song and Dance Man. *Hudson*—George M. Cohan making his own play better.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Smart dirt, smartly dished.

The Swan. *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in high comedy.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—Two-fifty a look.

Charlot's Revue. *Times Square*—What a revue should be, and it took the English to show us.

The Chiffon Girl. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Eleanor Painter sings well, at any rate.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor's wow.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—Still going, so we must have been wrong.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Ada May in a tuneful show.

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—Very nice indeed, with Mary Hay and Hal Skelly.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—Lots of musical numbers.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Selwyn*—One of the veteran shows in town.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Dr. Frank Tinney and lots of scenery and girls.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields making a good show better.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—A good all-around Negro show.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—A Fred Stone show, which means whatever it means to you.

Sweet Little Devil. *Central*—Constance Binney (not a moving picture).

Topics of 1923. *Winter Garden*—Surprisingly good, all things considered.

Wildflower. *Casino*—You can't beat the music.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Fannie Brice and whatever else you go for.



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY INVESTIGATE THE SPEED AT WHICH A DROP OF WATER ROLLS OFF A DUCK'S BACK.

Telephone Conversations

United States



VOICE (endeavoring to converse with a twenty-five-hundred-a-year business man): May I speak to Mr. Barlow?

VOICE (as of a secretary): Mr. Barlow is tied up in an important conference just at present and is unable to come to the phone. I'll take the message.

Europe

VOICE: May I speak to the King?

VOICE: This is the King speaking.

P. L. C.



HOW SOME BUSINESS MEN MAKE THEIR STENOGRAPHERS FEEL TOWARD THEM

The Advertisers' Bartlett

"2B, or not 2B".—SCHONBERG'S SHOES ASSURE A PERFECT FIT AT ALL TIMES

"Tell me where is fancy bred?"—MOTHER CRUST BISS KITS MAKE STURDY LADS AND LASSES.

"My little body is a-weary of this great world."—SLEEP RITE PAJAMAS BRING SOLID COMFORT AND SWEETEST DREAMS.

"Is she not passing fair?"—LORBER'S LILY MUD WILL MAKE YOU ATTRACTIVE AGAIN.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"—DON'T GUESS—KNOW! EDISON SIMP'S MEMORY COURSE TRAINS THE MIND TO A HAIR.

"Conspicuous by their absence."—DREADNAUGHT HAIRNETS—INVISIBLY PERFECT—PERFECTLY INVISIBLE.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'"—SLUMBER-CRASHER ALARM CLOCKS FOR THAT EARLY START.

H. W. H.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

March 13th

Lay late, trying to invite my soul and ponder upon Beauty, but I could think of naught save all the women I ought to invite to luncheon and do not, and what is to be done about getting the surface of our furniture back to something approaching its original state. Sometimes I would that we had steel cabinets and tables of the sort selected by Bernard Shaw for "Back to Methuselah," because Lord! the best-bred and most thoroughly house-broken citizens think naught these days of placing damp highball glasses and lighted cigarettes on museum pieces, nor would I be the kind of woman to defend them from doing so, neither, wherefore my situation is hopeless....All the morning on the telephone trying to get some

of the Buffalo Chop tea I had in Hartford at John and Valina Griggs', with no success, but every merchant was eloquent of substitutes. All men must be what David said....In the afternoon to see the Sargent pictures, and met Oliver Herford, who lamented the old-fashioned and unbeautiful raiment of some of the subjects, and it reminded me of my mother's injunction never to wear a hat when sitting for a photograph.

March 14th

Up betimes, and when I demanded of Sam what we should give Ernest Wilkins for a wedding present, he quoth, Something not so grand as a dinner service nor yet so simple as a mustard pot, which, albeit small aid and comfort in itself, did encourage me to lay out at least fifty dollars. So straightway to a silversmith's, and bought there a fine old box, with which I am loath to part. Never do I give away an article which I am not eager to retain, but either it is not so with all of my friends, or there

(Continued on page 31)



AT MONTE CARLO

"HOW LONG DO YOU EXPECT TO BE HERE?"

"AS LONG AS MY MONEY HOLDS OUT."

"WELL, I'M GOING BACK TO-MORROW MYSELF."

In too many households income tax returns are filled in amid a strained hush broken only now and then by a snarling groan from the head of the family; whereas it should be an occasion of wholesome relaxation for all.

A PLEASING VARIATION OF "HIDE THE THIMBLE" IS AS FOLLOWS: WHEN DAD HAS NEATLY ARRANGED ALL HIS DOCUMENTS, ETC., SEND HIM OUT OF THE ROOM ON SOME PRETEXT AND HIDE ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT. WHEN HE HAS LOCATED IT AT LAST, IT'S GRANDMA'S TURN TO HIDE SOMETHING. THE GAME IS HARMLESS BECAUSE HE WOULD OTHERWISE SPEND THE EVENING MISLAYING HIS PAPERS HIMSELF.



THE SINGLE MAN, UNLESS HE HAS MINOR CHILDREN, MUST BRIGHTEN HIS INCOME TAX OUTSIDE THE FAMILY CIRCLE. HE CAN START A PRETTY LITTLE GAME WITH THE COLLECTOR'S OFFICE BY DROPPING IN FIVE OR SIX TIMES A DAY WITH SIMPLE-MINDED QUESTIONS. AS THE WEEKS PASS, IF HE IS SUFFICIENTLY PERSISTENT, HE WILL WEAR THE STAFF DOWN TO A STATE OF IMBECILITY, WHICH WINS HIM THE GAME.

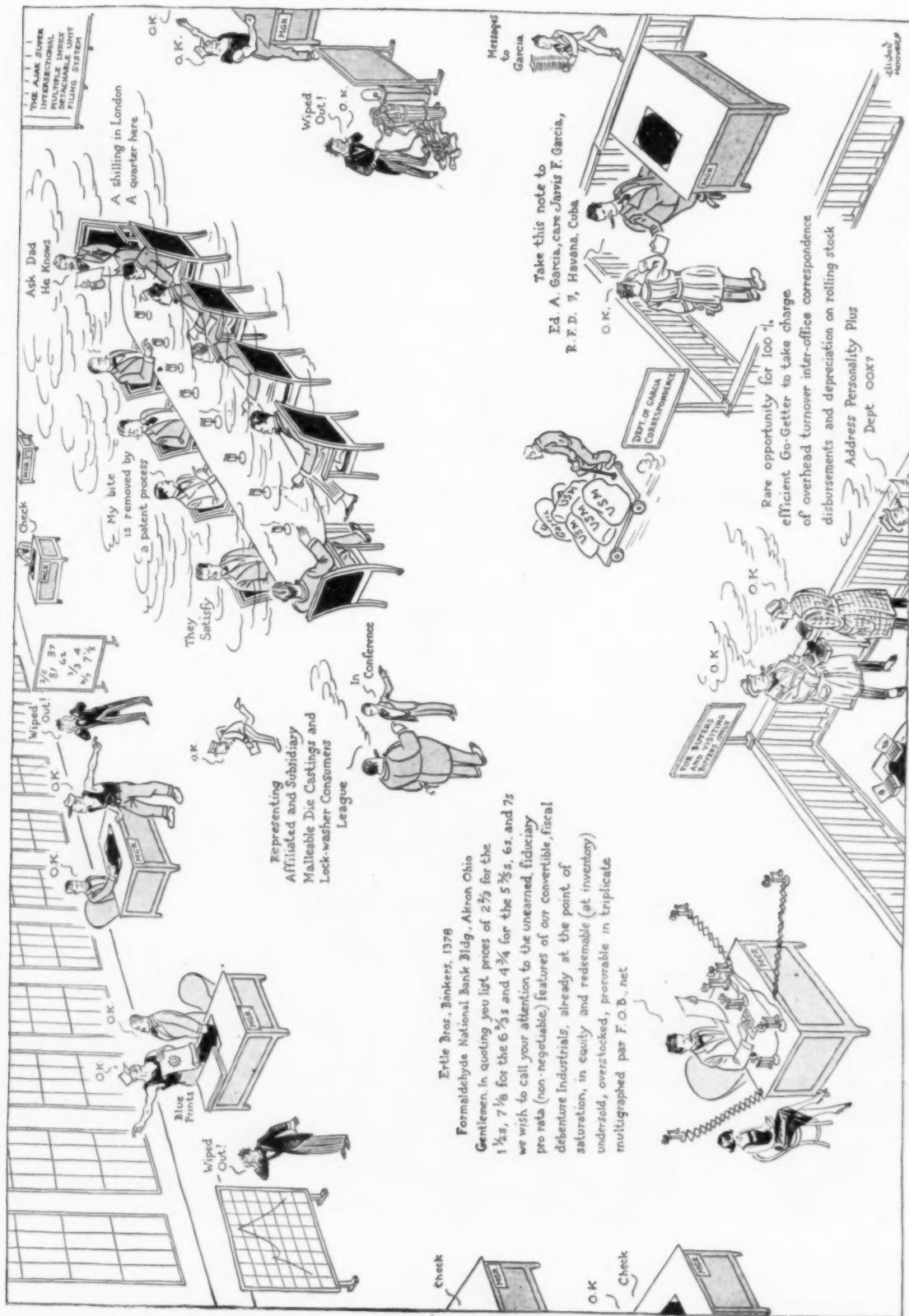
A REALLY LIVELY GAME FOR TWO WHICH IS LIKELY TO END IN A RIOT MAY BE PLAYED WHILE THE TAXPAYER IS ADDING UP HIS ALLOWABLE DEDUCTIONS, OR ANY OTHER COLUMN OF FIGURES. WHEN HE IS MIDWAY, THE OPPOSING PLAYER SIMPLY ASKS WHETHER HE STOPPED IN THIS MORNING TO PAY THE MILK BILL, OR ELSE STARTS COUNTING HER KNITTING OUT LOUD. EACH TIME HE HAS TO START IN ALL OVER AGAIN SHE SCORES FIVE; IF HE PERSISTS AND THE RETURN IS EVENTUALLY SENT BACK BECAUSE OF INCORRECT FIGURING, SHE IS ENTITLED TO THE LIMIT SCORE.



GWYNAS
WILLIAMS

SOME GOOD CLEAN FUN MAY BE HAD WHEN DAD HAS FINALLY COMPUTED HIS TAX—NORMAL AND SUBNORMAL. SITTING IN A CIRCLE, THE FAMILY TAKE TURNS REMEMBERING LITTLE ITEMS OF INCOME HE WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE FORGOTTEN TO INCLUDE—THE \$1.25 HE WON AT MAH JONG; THE \$10 PREVIOUSLY ENTERED UNDER BAD DEBTS THAT SAM BEEMAN INADVERTENTLY PAID BACK, AND SO ON. DAD MAY AWARD ANY PRIZE HE CONSIDERS SUITABLE TO THE PERSON TURNING IN THE HIGHEST TOTAL—OR TO ALL THE PLAYERS, JUST AS HE HAPPENS TO FEEL ABOUT IT.

HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY



Business Is Business

Can a Woman Combine Business and Home-Making?

"No," Declare Some, While Others Assert that "No" Is the Answer

By Dorothy Parker

ONLY the other day the writer was approached on the street by a comparative stranger and asked the following question: "Is it possible for a married woman to succeed both in an office and in the home, and what of it?" It struck the writer as a singularly pertinent query, coming, as it did, just at this time, when the weather is so unsettled, and the opinions of some of those best known in the world of great, big, enormous business were asked in the matter.

"Well, sir, I'll tell you," said Horace A. Crunch, President and General Manager of the Little Bowknot Aquarium Supply Company, "it isn't that I mind a woman around the office so much myself, because, as I always say, my mother was a woman, and it made me pretty broad-minded. But you take a woman coming home of an evening, all tired out from fooling around an office all day, filling inkwells and I don't know what, and how long is a marriage like that going to last? Suppose her husband wants her to put up a couple of shelves or something, and she has to say, 'Well, I got to get up early in the morning and get down to the shop.' No, sir, married women in business means the destruction of the home, that's what it means, and if the home isn't kept sacred, where would this country be to-day? You tell 'em."

Charles L. Burlap, head of the Hot Lips Oil-stove Company, was scarcely less emphatic in his views. "I have nothing to say," was his terse summary of the situation.



The Stenographer: THEY SAY THAT A BUSINESS CAREER PREVENTS A GIRL FROM HAVING ANY HOME LIFE. GEE! IF IT ONLY DID!



A GOOD HEAD FOR BUSINESS

"I cannot understand what is getting into all the women," mused President Richard Filley, of the Greater Gulf Stream and Pacific Snap-fastener Corporation. It is Mr. Filley's opinion that women's activities in the business world are the result of the general unrest caused by the war, the prevalence of delicatessen shops, and the increasingly mild winters.

"Yes, we do employ married women," said Schuyler Much, Doorman at the Traders', Drovers', and Bassoon-Players' National Savings Bank. "But it has always been against my better judgment. The place for a married woman is at home with her kiddies. My wife, at present on tour with the Follies of 1907, is of the same opinion, and we are the happiest little couple you ever saw in your life."

Herman Stoop, of the Lady Diana Ashcan Company, when questioned as to his ideas upon married women in business, replied in full, "Don't be silly." "No," were the views of Chester Inch, Vice-President and Cloak-Room Attendant of the Daddy's Girl Drop Forge and Tool Works.

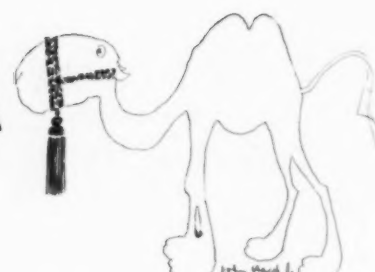
With the words of these Captains of Industry ringing in her ears, it did not seem as if the writer could wait to gather the opinions of those of her sex who have made themselves high places in the world of business.

(Continued on page 35)

Cheerogram

The Way Each Saw It

A couple of young men were returning from lunch. "Four more hours till quittin' time," said one. "Four more hours to get that job done," said the other. To-day the first one is still killing time at a bench while the other is superintendent of the factory.



"Shadows of Paris"

FOR several months, Pola Negri has been floundering about in Hollywood, trying to recover the form which, it would seem, she lost on the way over from Berlin. In "Shadows of Paris," she almost finds it.

This is, without doubt, the best picture that Miss Negri has made in America. She surges through it with all the disorderly exuberance of a spring torrent, sweeping along with her those casual bystanders who attempt to interrupt the flood.

"Shadows of Paris" is a melodrama, enacted in the heavily charged atmosphere of primitive emotion which is said to enshroud the slopes of Montmartre. There are wild men and wild women—apaches and aristocrats—and the most ferocious of them all is Pola Negri.

Herbert Brenon directed this picture, and made a fine job of it. In the first place, he assembled a cast of unusual excellence (including Adolphe Menjou and several other imported artists), and in the second place, he caused them to behave in a most violently realistic manner.

There are plenty of Californian reflections of the Parisian underworld—the Hollywoods are full of them; but there are very few that can be called convincing. "The Humming Bird" (lately released) is one, and "Shadows of Paris" is another.

"Twenty-One"

LIKE Pola Negri, Richard Barthelmess is one of those unfortunate stars who have a great deal to live up to. Whatever he does these days is sure to be compared unfavorably with "Tol'able David." Indeed, this miraculous picture has become so firm a tradition that even Mr. Barthelmess himself seems to be oppressed by it; I imagine that he curses the day when "Tol'able David" was born.

In an effort to escape from the sensi-

tive boy type of rôle, Mr. Barthelmess allowed his hair to grow and went in for romantic dramas. But even then, his supporters grumbled, "Why can't he get another part like *Tol'able David*?" So he gave that up.

"Twenty-One" represents a partial concession to the popular demand. It at least gives Mr. Barthelmess a chance to get back to the barber-shop, even if it offers small opportunities for the display of his dramatic powers.

I doubt whether "Twenty-One" will do much to help the situation. Its story is both complicated and weak, and it is developed in a thoroughly lackadaisical manner.

Has Richard Barthelmess ever thought of reviving "Tol'able David"?

"The Song of Love"

ALL the sizzling passion of the great Sahara Desert is compressed into Norma Talmadge's latest effort, "The Song of Love." There is also much of the arid boredom which abounds in that celebrated expanse of sand.

"The Song of Love" tells of a little Algerian girl who is duped by a hand-

some French officer, and led by him to expose the plans of her mutinous countrymen. This rôle permits Miss Talmadge to be heavily emotional, and it also provides her with an excellent excuse for the removal of various garments. They dress scantily down in Africa, and Norma Talmadge is nothing if not correct in her costumes.

"The Song of Love" may be filed in the steel cabinet under the heading, "Routine Desert Stuff." It is no better than usual, and not very much worse.

Will Rogers

THERE were times, when Will Rogers first went into the movies, when I felt that he had gone far out of his element. Then he made "Doubling for Romeo" and I took it all back. In view of which, Mr. Rogers promptly left the silent drama and returned to the Ziegfeld Follies.

Now the divine Will is at it again in Hollywood, making a series of two-reel pictures which, in point of humor, satire and originality, stand absolutely in a class by themselves. "Two Wagons—Both Covered," "Uncensored Movies" and "The Cake Eater" are representative of the Rogers wit at its best. They reveal the fact that Will, in addition to his established talents as a paragraphic cowboy, is also a first-rate actor. In his impersonations in "Uncensored Movies," he actually approaches Elsie Janis (although, of course, in a purely figurative sense).

Keep it up Will is the free advice of this correspondent.

R. H.: Please Write

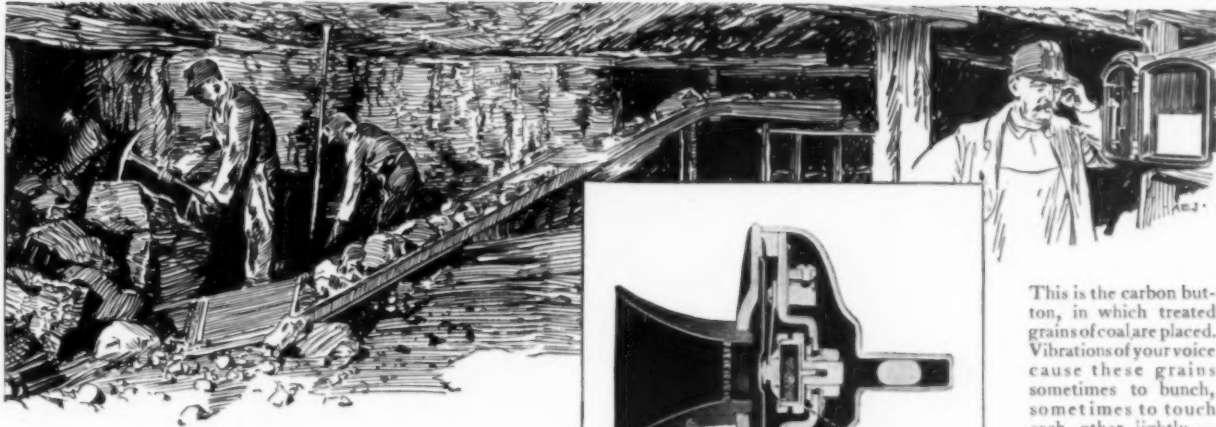
IN justice to all those who are eager to read the collected letters of Rupert Hughes, I am compelled to admit that a month has elapsed since the publication of my review of "Reno," and there is no word from the Major as yet.

I must be losing my grip.

Robert E. Sherwood.



POLA NEGRI IN "SHADOWS OF PARIS"



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Coal

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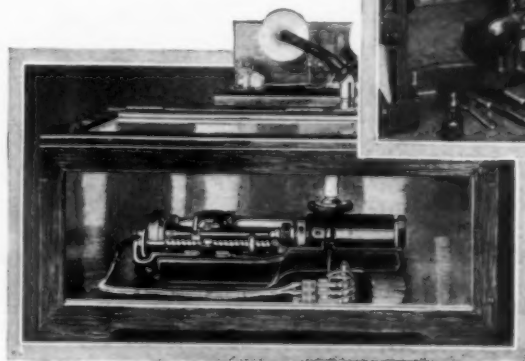
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From a Citizen's Notebook

In Arizona, on an exceptionally hot day, a man saw a coyote chasing a jack-rabbit, and they were both walking. That's nothing. Up here one day we saw a policeman chasing a gunman, and they were both running.

—New York World.

Taking No Risks

"Now, look 'ere, young man," said the pork-packer to the artist. "I want you to paint my picture so as I know it's Me, but nobody else couldn't tell."

—London Daily Express.

MODERN CHILD (at children's party): I say, old thing, this lemonade is frightfully under proof!

—Passing Show (London).

STEP-IN, slip-on, ty-back, all-over, rub-on, and she's out for the evening again.

—Ohio State Journal.



THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

Sisyphus: IT'S GETTING HEAVIER AND HEAVIER. IF I LET GO IT WILL BE THE WORSE FOR ME...BUT IT WILL BE THE WORSE ALSO FOR THOSE IN BACK.

—Le Ruy Blas (Paris).

The Uncovered Wagon

OKLAHOMA AUTOMOBILE AGENT (after lengthy explanations to Osage chief): Now I've gone over this car thoroughly with you; I've shown you every cam and shaft, and I'd like to have your order. But is there still anything you don't understand; any questions you would like to ask?

CHIEF: Yes, what makes it go?

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

Dignity Maintained

Five-year-old Georgie appeared in the park accompanied by his nurse.

CHORUS OF PLAYMATES: Yah! Georgie has to go out with his nurse! Hanh! Hanh!

GEORGIE (importantly): See here, she isn't taking me out—I'm running her around!—L'Écho de Paris.

"I SEE that Gloria Swanson's latest has been released."

"On what grounds?"

—Cornell Widow.

BORED NIGHT-WATCHMAN (counting the stars): Let's see—where did I leave off last night?—Punch.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Swampbogg Items

John Bimm courted his girl so much over the telephone the other day that Aunt Emmy Shanks, who is on the same party line, let her whole dinner burn up.

One of Si Bimm's kids went to the grocery for a pound of brown sugar yesterday. When he got home he had a pound and a half, having spilled it in the road on the way home.

Ez Strakatt says he's going to have the law on those slick swindlers at the carnival. Ez, who is six-foot-eight, paid a quarter to see the giant, who is six-foot-seven.

Jim Brown says he's tired of getting up every morning and washing the dog tracks off his face. He says he'll either have to lock the dogs out of the house or quit whistling in his sleep.

Joe Nelson's barn burned to the ground one day last week. The insurance was only partially covered by the barn, Joe admits.

A home-talent performance of The Comedy of Errors was given over at Hogtown this week. Shakspeare furnished the comedy and the home talent the errors.—Barrie Payne, in
Saturday Evening Post.

For the Book of Etiquette

"Tact," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me was a modest, quiet man.

"Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster on hearing his hostess say to her husband, 'How inattentive you are, Charlie! You must look after Mr. Brown better. He's helping himself to everything.'"—Tit-Bits (London).

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Drugs and Stationery

Conversation in a drug store:

"Gimme a tablet."

"What kinda tablet?"

"A yellow one."

"But what's the matter with you?"

"I want to write a letter."

—Youngstown Telegram.

The Torchbearer

"Wotcher want to fight for? I ain't got no quarrel wiv you."

"No, but you 'ad wiv Jim 'Awkins."

"Wot abaht it? 'E's dead."

"Well, poor old Jim appointed me 'is executor."—Punch.



father is it true that mother
set her cap for you well
said father modesty forbids
me to say wallace but I do
know that many a man has
been won by such a little
thing as a cap set just the
right way

Williams
Shaving Cream
With the Hinge-Cap
that will win you—
it can't get lost

PATENTS Write today for free in-
struction book and Record
of Invention blank. Send
sketch or model for personal opinion. CLARENCE A.
O'BRIEN, Registered Patent Lawyer, 197-A Security
Savings & Com'l Bank Bld'g., directly across st. from
Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

**Ritemor PRINTED
STATIONERY \$1.00**
200 SHEETS, 100 ENVELOPES
Printed with your own name and address (4 lines or less) in
rich, dark blue ink. Fine texture Hammermill Bond paper,
smooth and beautiful. Sheet size 6x7, extra heavy envelope
to match. Shipped in attractive box, postpaid. Denver West
add 10 per cent. Remit with order, money refunded if not
fully satisfied. Remember, there is only one "Ritemor",
known everywhere and preferred by thousands. Order now.
RITEMOR STATIONERY CO.
204 Century Building INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 22)

is a shocking divergence of taste in the world....Jack White to see me this day with the glad tidings that he hath discovered a popcorn stand in the Grand Central Station, and he did bring me two boxes of it, which I ate down like a glutton, liking it better than any edible save saucissons. Nor can I comprehend why it is not sold about New York, and I do now believe that, were I to lose all sources of income, I should set up in the popcorn business instead of becoming a fortune-teller.

March
15th

Alice Castle of Chicago, whom I have not seen for ten years, stopped in this morning before I was up, and we did talk of our schooldays together in Northampton, and A. told me how her relatives here had compelled her to buy some flesh-colored hose almost the second that she stepped from the Century, whereupon I chided her roundly, for I do deem the present vogue for pink stockings not only hideous but in execrable taste, albeit some of my best friends are slaves to it....Marge Boothby, back, thank God, from Florida, to luncheon with me, and we were as silly as is our wont, and in discussing the most embarrassing misfortune that could befall a woman, we did finally agree upon losing an undergarment whilst walking out of the Ritz grille or down the aisle at St. Thomas's. B. L.

RASTUS: What you-all got such a big pocketbook fo'?

SAM: Dat's to encourage me.

Duveen Brothers

PAINTINGS
PORCELAINS
TAPESTRIES
OBJETS D'ART

New York

Paris

Pearls
Jewels
Precious Stones
DREICER & CO
560 Fifth Avenue
New York
PALM BEACH
Jeannette Building
Lake Trail

Efficiency

THE Corporation President rang for his secretary, who appeared instantly. "Take a letter," he rumbled:

"L. S. Brown, District Superintendent, Felton Melding and Iron Works, Pittsburgh.

"In behalf of the Felton Melding and Iron Works, I want to congratulate you, and those under your able leadership, upon the maximum production of boilers turned out at our Pittsburgh plant in the past month.

"Success depends upon the efforts of each individual. Each should participate in gratification at the results attained.

"W. W. FLINT,
President."

"Now take this personal letter to the District Superintendent:

"L. S. Brown, District Superintendent, Felton Melding and Iron Works, Pittsburgh.

"Having reached maximum production of boilers at Pittsburgh plant, lay off fifty men beginning first of month.

"With renewed congratulations,
"W. W. FLINT,
President."

"If wishes were autos, beggars would still hold their hands out.

A 30-DAY GATES TOUR TO EUROPE COSTS YOU ONLY \$425

This sum includes all traveling, living and sightseeing expenses. An unusual opportunity for you to see, at moderate cost, all that the Old World offers. And you travel under the most competent guidance. Gates Tours are planned by skilled experts with over 30 years of successful experience.

On a Gates Tour you have all the advantages of a private tour combined with the benefits of the utmost travel experience. You avoid the troublesome details of travel.

Write today for booklet N-5. Sailings from May to September with a range of tours from 30 to 80 days, costing from \$425 to \$1100.

GATES TOURS—Founded 1892

"World Travel at Moderate Cost"

225 Fifth Avenue, New York
London Paris Rome



A cigarette that has the respect of its makers

We make these cigarettes conscientiously, of carefully selected and blended tobaccos. We pack them jealously in a new and specially designed package that keeps them fresh, unbroken, and uncrushed to the last.

So the smoker who takes his cigarette with some seriousness is given a cigarette in prime condition, and in its original form. He's not to be embarrassed by having to fish out crushed, bent, and disreputable-looking cigarettes that he hesitates to offer a friend or to smoke in public.

Furthermore, a cigarette with its original form and aroma preserved will smoke with much greater satisfaction to anyone with a trained "smoking sense."

The Reedsdale is not exactly "an exclusive cigarette for the ultra-fastidious," but it is for men to whom cigarette smoking conveys a fairly substantial pleasure.

It suits many men

Whether you will like this cigarette is a matter we cannot prophesy with certainty. It may fit your taste and it may not.

Many men do prefer the Reedsdale to all other cigarettes they have tried. We expect that, in time, Reedsdale smokers will constitute a goodly proportion of American cigarette smokers.

But we are sure that you will like and appreciate the container in which these cigarettes are sold and carried in the pocket.

So we might suggest that you buy your first package of Reedsdale Cigarettes because of the way in which they are packed. Other factors being equal in your mind, this package alone will make it worth your while to switch to Reedsdale.

Popularly priced

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them, return the four remaining packages and we will refund your dollar. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 111 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

How I Made America "Gonnick-Conscious"

(Continued from page 7)

officials everywhere will be able to understand it at a glance.

3. It must HIT THE MAN WHO READS IT IN THE EYE.

4. Answers must be written legibly on one side of clean, white paper.

Any thought of my entering the contest had never entered my head. As President of the parent organization as well as the subsidiaries I feared that even if I did want to enter the contest the men might show me undesired deference. However, I began thinking the thing over. "What kind of men," I asked myself, "buy bridges?" Family men, mostly. Therefore the point of family safety seemed a major one. I did a little more figuring along these lines. "What members of the family does a family man worry about most?" "The kiddies," was the obvious answer. So when the contest was decided our new permanent slogan and trademark, which you will find stamped on the key pier of every Gonnick Bridge, told the world for the first time that:

"Your Daughter Is Safe on a Gonnick Bridge."

In summing up our part in the growth of modern advertising, I can only say again that I believe in it, heart and soul. And I believe it will grow more important every year. We are entering a new era in which advertising is still in its infancy. *Marc Connelly.*

Civics Exam

1. NAME five great chairmen of investigating committees and state their animus.
2. Give the leading rumors of the last five years. Were they confirmed?
3. What American statesmen were famous for their denials?
4. When was the Constitution amended to create the investigative branch of government?
5. What statesman is entitled to be known as "The Great Investigator"?
6. State the origin of the maxim, "A person must be presumed guilty until he is found innocent." *McC. H.*



! ruined

Many a first impression has been ruined by some seemingly little thing

IT'S so easy to get off on the wrong foot with people—whether it be in an important business contact or simply in a casual social meeting.

It pays in life to be able to make people like you. And so often it is some seemingly very little thing that may hold you back.

For example, quite unconsciously you watch a person's teeth when he or she is in conversation with you. If they are unclear, improperly kept, and if you are a fastidious person, you will automatically hold this against them. And all the while this same analysis is being made of you.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem—finally solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?
—LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube—25 cents

Spring Song

My linen's in the laundry,
And I am all but broke.
It is not raining rain to me—
It's raining soft coal smoke!

Free Trial Bottle—Postage Prepaid

Gray Haired People

—learn my story!

I can't tell it in this small advertisement, so I ask you to send for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full explanation and directions for making convincing test on one lock of hair.

When you learn how I perfected my Restorer to bring back the original color to my own gray hair, what perfect results it assures, how easy is application, you will realize what my offer means to all gray haired people.

My Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural in all lights, no danger of streaking or discoloration. Results just as satisfactory when used on faded, bleached or streaky, discolored dyed hair. Mail coupon today for absolutely Free Trial package and learn my wonderful story and what it means to you. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in letter.

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN
234-C Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street..... City.....

MAIL NOW

Lessons in New Yorkese

Big Business

"OHLOOKA: hoostillouta jail! Hlo Hairy!"

"Hlo Gus! Cha madeoff witha cummonys spayroll yet?"

"Nawitaint biganuff. Say Hairy yagottany tips?"

"Whattayamean aspairagis tips? Ho-ho!"

"Youknowwhattamean. Tips sonno-markit. Yagottany?"

"Maybe. Yagottany jack?"

"Whosez Iyaint? Wassit toya?"

"FI givanny tips, issa fitty-fitty biznis prepposition. Gemme?"

"Yougotta noive. Wassa tip hunh?"

"Nassaloud fgossakes. Yawan allatha Street innonis?"

"Cmawn spillit. Nevva mina Street."

"Wellawright. Anlissennow, Iyaint gonna yell. Playerl. Sgoinnup."

"Erl hunh? Watterl?"

"Idunno. Ennyerl. Sgoinnup."

"Ennyerl? Lissengus. Smusbe some pittikala erl. Allaerls onnamarkit taint goinnup."

"Yesseyis. Sbig boom."

"Lissengus, thattaint sensabil. Allaerl onna markit woggowup tawunst."

"Stwill too. Smerja."

"Oh smerja issit? Whyncha sayso inna foisplace? Smerja skinda diffint."

"Yeah sbig merja. Igottit offa fella whagottit offa fella whaknowes. Sbig boom. Yawanna gettinnonnit."



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, O.

PROTECTION



BECAUSE Colt's Fire Arms have always been *safest* to handle and carry—because they get into action *quickest* when quickness is vital—because their fire is *sure* and *accurate*—they have won Government and Police endorsement for nigh on a century. Protection is only *complete* when *all* these qualities are present; so make sure of Colt security for your home by possessing a revolver or automatic pistol bearing this time-honored name. Ask your Hardware or Sporting Goods dealer to show you his full line of Colt's fire arms. They're reasonably priced.

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.
Hartford, Conn.

Pacific Coast Representative
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.
Catalogue? Of course. Want it?

COLT'S

THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER

"Idlika takea chanst. Butcha knowa olgag—whaggo zups gotta cumdown."

"Thattaint nobull. Buchawanna bea sport. Sgoinnup, Itellya."

"Yeah? WellIthink Ithinkitova."

"Yeah you thinkitova."

"Sgood dope aintit? Buyin ennyerl sounds kinafoney."

"Aintl tolya smerja?"

"Ohwell ifit smerja...Iguessats awright. Illtakea chanst."

"Attastuff! Seeya witha winnins Gus. Anyerlsa good buy."

"Good bye sright! Ho! Ho! Slong Hairy."

"Slong Gus. Chaget cofectnow. Sbig boom!"

H. W. H.

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



A new soft-toe brogue—blucher cut for greater comfort.

NO OTHER SHOE will contribute quite so much to your comfort in the impending warm weather as a pair that fits *everywhere*, binds *nowhere*, looks "like a million," and is worn by more than a million—yes, Bostonians.

BOSTONIANS

\$7 to

BOSTONIANS
SHOES
for
MEN

\$10

WHEREVER YOU

SEE THIS SIGN

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER CO.

BOSTON AND WHITMAN, MASS.

A Message to Garcia

It was only last week when the Little Woman and I were trying to balance our checkbook for the month—for the month of February, 1923, that is—that the idea came to me.

"We ought to run this house like a regular, efficient business organization," was the way I put my foot in it, and she completed the bad work by saying, "Go to it." So I did.

My first concern was the installation

of some inspirational business atmosphere around the house. Over our fireplace was a motto reading, "Home-Keeping Hearts Are Happiest"; this I changed to "Happier and Heartier Homes; 1924 Will Reward Housekeepers!" I also thought up a slogan for the front hall, "It Shall Be Done."

Then I drew up a set of rules, or "standards of practice," as follows:

1. This house shall hereafter be known as "The Office."
2. The Office shall open promptly at 7:30 A. M. daily, with a Food Products Conference in the Dining Room. These conferences will also be held at noon and 6:30 P. M. for the proper disposal of such matters as may be offered for proper action, and disposal.
3. The Office Personnel shall consist of a Board of Directors and an Office Manager. Bridget O'Hara is appointed to the latter office. She will be responsible for the prompt calling to order of all conferences.
4. All expenditures shall be accomplished and accounted for by means of the Triple - Voucher - Visible - Index - Double-Entry System, and all vouchers must be countersigned.
5. Monthly salaries will be substituted for weekly wages. A yearly bonus may be paid on gas, ice and butter saved.

"Old Town Canoes"



"Old Town Canoes" are patterned after real Indian models. They are graceful, strong and remarkably steady. "Old Town Canoes" respond instantly to every stroke of the blade. They are low in price. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The new 1924 catalog is beautifully illustrated. It shows all models in full colors. Write for your free copy to-day.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
1433 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

GET FREE FACTS ABOUT
SILVER FOX

Industry or send one dollar for blue print of ranch, etc.
88-K W. 84th St., J. P. Duffus Silver Fox Store, New York, N. Y.



"There," I remarked, "that ought to clear up a lot of loose ends. Suppose you present this to the Office Manager, and get her reaction."

Remembering her promise to the minister when he married us, the L. W. obeyed me, and was soon back again.

"Did the Office Manager take notice?" I asked.

"She gave it," was the answer, "as of even date, too."

"Well," I said, "if she insists, we can accept her resignation, no doubt."

"Wrong again," replied my partner; "we'll have no more of this business bunk around the house. Do you hear me?" Denial was useless; any one could have heard her. Placation was in order.

"You're the only business I care about," I essayed, rather niftily.

"Is that so?" she said. "Then do as I say. In other words, mind your business!"

I looked at the hall motto, "It Shall Be Done"; it was!

A. C. M. A., Jr.

A warning -bleeding gums

ARE your gums tender? Do they bleed when brushed? If so—watch out for Pyorrhea.

This disease of the gums, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, not only destroys the teeth, but often wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea the gums become spongy, then recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

You can keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

Start using it today. If your gums have receded, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

Can a Woman Combine Business and Home-Making?

(Continued from page 25)

Mrs. Luella Teeple, who holds the important position of clock-winder with the O-So-Kozy Bathmat Company, and is also the proud possessor of six healthy kiddies, and two alert, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked husbands, one in Rochester, crisply stated her thoughts on the combination of wife and business woman. "A complete flop," was the outcome of her experience.

"I suppose the thing can be successfully done if the woman is careful not to lose her femininity," smiled Mrs. Laura Fringe, well-known designer of the widely advertised Wow Lingerie, "but whoever says that a woman does not lose her pretty femininity in business is a cock-eyed fool, and don't let anybody tell you different."

"I should say not," stated Mrs. Willa McKnee, charity worker, society leader, and ticket speculator, while Mrs. Amy Wrinch, who makes nothing like \$5,000 a year as Postmistress of Luke's Leap, Missouri, felt so strongly as to declare that any married woman who tried to manage two jobs was no lady. "Please go away," was the decision that Mrs. Tottie Lurk, of the Little Pirate Sleeve-Garter Company, handed down.

Aspirin

Beware of Imitations!

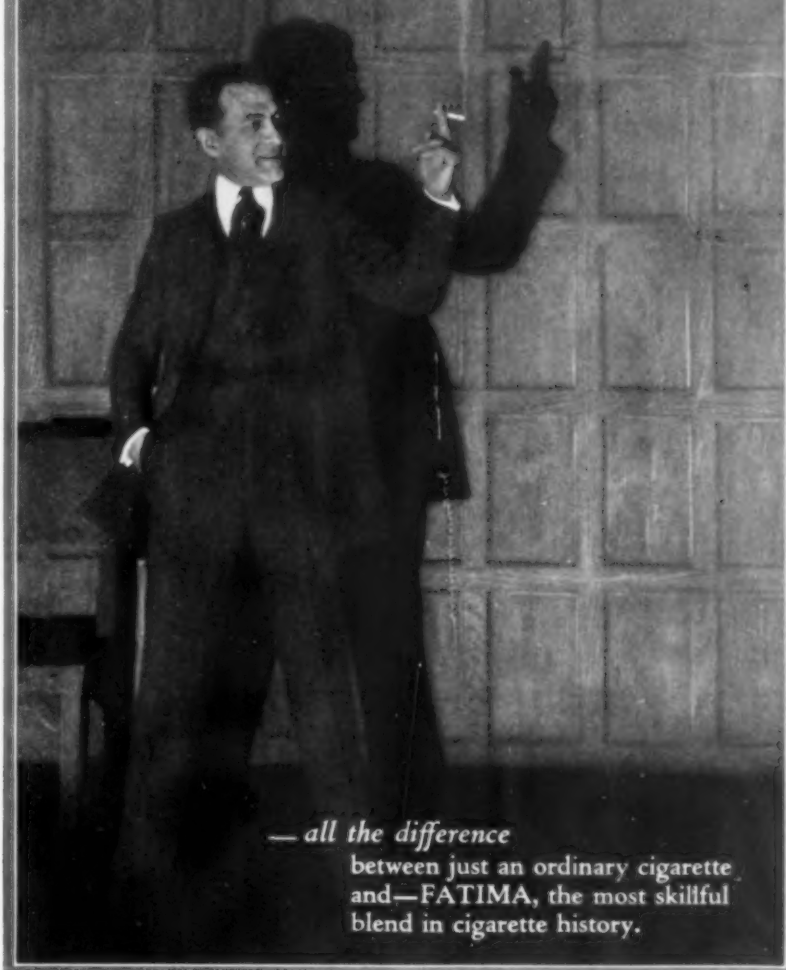


Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Neuritis	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"



— all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

Others who expressed a like opinion were Mrs. Minna Pulse, secretary to the head of the Bon Ton Grain Elevator Company; Mrs. Ruth Klem, famous woman ski-jumper; Mrs. Harriet Rinse, home girl, and Neysa McMein, artist, who will select the twelve most beautiful mail-robbers, as a feature of Better Business Week.

The Right Type

"Your credentials are satisfactory," said a manufacturer to a youth who was applying for a situation as a clerk. "Have you a grandmother?"
"No, sir."
"Any dear old aunt?"
"No, sir."
"Or any other relatives who might die during the 1924 baseball season?"
"No, sir."
"You'll do. Come in to-morrow for work."

They all say GLOVER'S does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business."
For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Manne Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover, originator of the Glover Medicines.

Made only by the
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. (Dept. A-2)
127-29 West 24th Street New York City

Relief for Coughs

Use PISO'S—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults. A pleasant syrup. No opiates.

35¢ and 60¢ sizes
sold everywhere

A common-sense evidence—on quality footwear—that the shoes are made for the wearer's convenience—*Shoe Lacing Hooks*.

Your retailer can sell you shoes with lacing hooks.

Insist on having what you want!



"Get a Fresh Grip on LIFE" the doctor said. Our readers get one every week. So he tried

Life

instead of the suggested sanitarium. LIFE is the apostle of laughter, and laughter is Nature's cure for exhausted nerves. The subscription cost only \$5. The patient improved right away, and saved lots of time and bother as well. It does pay to read *LIFE with Its Laugh on Every Page!* Try it and see for yourself, and have a good hearty laugh every week, or take our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60
(121)

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

(Continued from page 9)

were victims of itching trigger fingers; grand total, 456,000. The first 30 days of 1924 show a substantial and gratifying increase which if maintained will add a full 25 per cent. to the 1923 total. These figures, you understand, are only approximate and do not take into account the maimed or blinded or those missed entirely.

It seems to me some people are darned hard to satisfy.

Yours hopefully,

GLENN G. REED.

1 Lakeside Court, Duluth, Minn.

Some Other Plans

WHAT this country needs to bring on a good, big war is more bad taste. Reference is not made to the current bad oily taste in the mouth but to the variety which is so common that the Book of Etiquette wouldn't stoop to conquer it.

The beauty of the system for bringing on a nice, big war by use of bad taste is that already there is a large volunteer army in the field training with this weapon. To bring on the war it is only necessary for every one to join this army.

The system is very simple. Let it be expressed continually by all Americans, by word of mouth, through the printing press and via radio, that—

We won the Great War.

We can lick the world.

England is a hog.

France has no gratitude.

The Japs are yellow.

Every Russian needs a bath and a haircut.

The German women and children ought to starve.

We ought to have as little as possible to do with these nations.

If all of us, working together, will keep this up for only a short time, we can have the best and biggest war in the world.

FRED B. MANN.

133 North Maple Ave., East Orange, N. J.

THE first essential in getting up a war is selecting a proper site. I have felt that too little attention has been paid to this in the past. After an exhaustive survey, I feel that Burma would offer a good sporty course for the next war. I knew a Burmese girl once, Irma from Burma we called her, and believe me, boy, she could—but I digress. Suffice it to say that Burma is ideal.

In order to start the war, the Government should organize a junket of Congressmen on a Government transport to Burma. It is to be regretted Mr. Denby has resigned, as he was particularly good at this sort of thing. When the Congressmen have all landed in Burma, tip off the Captain of the ship to sail back here. Thus the junketeers will be stranded. The Burmese will be so mad at our playing this dirty trick on them that they will murder the Congressmen and declare war on us, in this manner unwittingly doing us two favors at once.

GEORGE S. McMILLAN.

2497 Grand Ave., New York City.

As the father of a son who would be twenty-five years old to-day, had he not freely flung himself as a sacrifice on the altar of Liberty in the Château-Thierry Offensive, August 3, 1918, I would offer for your contest the good old rule which has worked so well in our long history, and for which every generation of my ancestors in America for three hundred years has had to pay the price in blood on the battlefield:

Disband your army and navy, let your arms rust and your ships rot; neglect those who fought your former wars, let them go hungry and in want while they see the grafters who stayed at home roll by in luxury; let all the world know that you regard your volunteer soldiers as visionary fools who follow the lure of the drum, and are rightfully paid with wounds and neglect; let all the world know you care only for dollar-making and dollar-spending, are "pacifists" who will not interfere to right wrong or tyranny anywhere, lest it hinder trade; that you are "too proud to fight"—and I will guarantee you a foreign war or rebellion within ten years at any time.

WILLIAM NEWTON NICHOLS.

1615 Schiller Court, Madison, Wis.

The suggestions from Mr. Lardner and Mr. Cantor, quoted herewith, exceed the 200 word limit, and are therefore ineligible for the prize. They are published as evidence of the trend of thought among the Best Minds. More War Plans will be included in LIFE next week.



Who, indeed, need smoke the commonplace
when the *world's finest* cost so little?



*Try them tonight
for your Luxury Hour*

-that easy chair hour
when every man feels
entitled to life's best

PALL MALL *Specials*
New size—plain ends only
20 for 30¢

No change in size or price
of PALL MALL *Regulars*
[cork tip]



Men often deny themselves the better things of life for economy's sake. But no man willingly accepts a lesser satisfaction when price barriers have been removed. Is it any wonder, then, that the new Pall Mall Specials—at 20 for 30¢—are eclipsing cigarette sales records everywhere? For when the *finest* quality becomes a real *economy*, it is *bound* to dominate the market. Try them tonight for your luxury hour—soon you'll smoke them exclusively.

20 for 30¢

WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 for 35¢

COLGATE'S

for better shaving



MAR 19 1924

YEARs ago, when Grandma threatened to send for the doctor unless Willie took his medicine, Willie took it. Anything to keep out of the clutches of the ogre with the tremendous and terrible whiskers.

Of course Willie's alarm was unwarranted. In his childish mind there was no room for an appreciation of the generous impulses concealed behind the M. D.'s hairy muffler.

Night or day, rain or shine, the good old doctor was likely to be called upon to hustle from smallpox to scarlet fever, or from measles to mumps, and he was always courageously ready to respond.

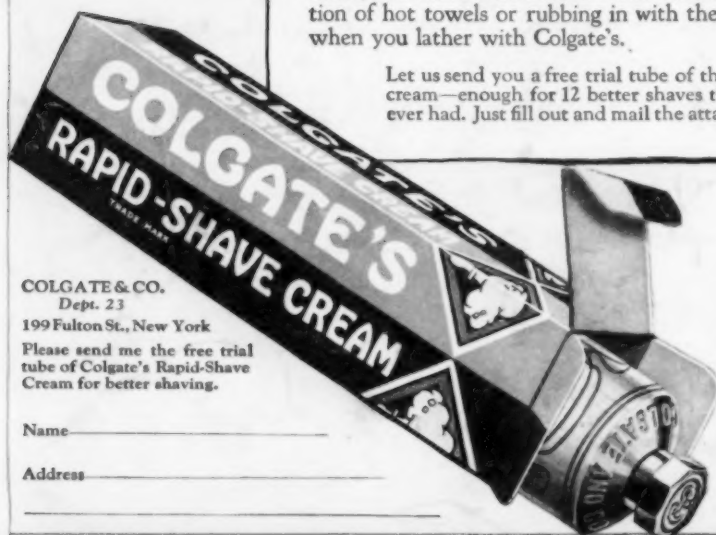
He slept when he could, got his meals at odd moments, and permitted his whiskers to grow because he had no time for shaving.

But Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream has made shaving such a short job that most of the doctors have ceased to let their good intentions be hidden behind bewildering beards.

The effect of this wonderful cream is immediate, even upon the heaviest kind of a hairy stubble. It makes shaving *much easier*, and leaves the face soothed and velvety. No application of hot towels or rubbing in with the fingers is necessary when you lather with Colgate's.

Let us send you a free trial tube of this remarkable cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the attached coupon.

Large tube
35¢



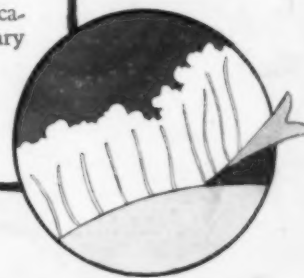
COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 23

199 Fulton St., New York

Please send me the free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name _____

Address _____



This diagrammatic magnified cross-section shows how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair of the beard. The oily coating upon the hair is quickly emulsified by the lather. This permits the moisture carried in the lather to soften the hair at the base, where it meets the edge of the razor.

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture